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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

NEW·SERIES·OF THE CHRISTIAN·UNION

Prof.F.A.Hall 1896
Drury College Grounds

EDITORIAL:

Japan's Victory 453
Italy and the Pope 453
Professor von Helmholtz 454
The Aintab Arrests 454
Mr. Breckinridge's Defeat 454
The Constitutional Convention 455
The Lexow Investigation 455
Gold Production 455
Lynching in the South 456
Who Own Homes? 456
"Trilby" 457
An Organized Public Conscience .. 458
Joseph H. Choate 459
To Some Women (Home) 468

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The New York Constitutional Convention 460
The Tragedy of Duncan Duncanson 462
By S. R. Crockett (Selected)
A Summer Day's Observations—II. 464
By John Burroughs, as Interviewed by Clifton Johnson
A New Branch of the Civil Service 467
By Chancellor J. H. Canfield
Woman's College of Baltimore ... 468
By Celeste W. Herrick
The Æsthetics of Wood-Alcohol .. 469
By Mary Willis
Little Betty's Kitten Tells Her Story 471
By Frances Hodgson Burnett

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:

The Life of Christ—XIV 473
By Lyman Abbott
Episcopal Church Missions, etc., etc. 476

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Ladd's Psychology 474
Novels and Tales, etc., etc. 474

CORRESPONDENCE
NOTES AND QUERIES

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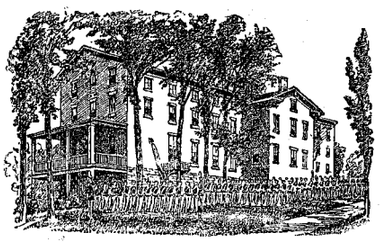

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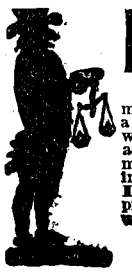

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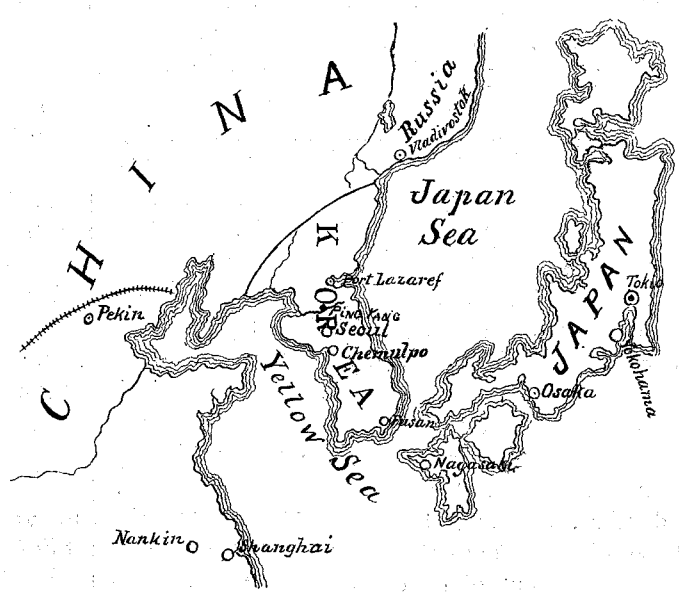
The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50 For Week ending 22 September, 1894 Number 12

THE great battle between the Japanese and Chinese armies which has been expected has at last taken place, and its result has been the total defeat, and even rout, of the Chinese forces. The place of the battle was near Ping Wang, which is quite a distance north of Chemulpo, and on the Tatong River. The Chinese were here intrenched in a strong position. The Japanese attack began last Saturday morning, and fighting continued all day, with no great loss on either side and with no decisive result. But at three o'clock on Sunday morning the Japanese, having previously extended their two wings beyond the two Chinese flanks, made a fierce assault and carried all before them. Japanese accounts claim that over 2,000 Chinese were killed, and that nearly 15,000 were taken prisoners, while vast stores of provisions and ammunition were captured. Chinese advices admit the seriousness of the disaster. The battle appears to be almost or quite decisive of the fate of Korea; the Chinese troops who escaped capture are fleeing out of Korea northward, and the Japanese are promptly fortifying the passes and making a strong line of defense against the north. A Japanese invasion of China is talked of as probable, though it seems more reasonable that Japan should content herself with holding the possession of Korea. When we consider the immense disparity between the two countries in population and wealth, we are impressed with the fact that this great victory has been won by Japan solely through her superior civilization. Her army is splendidly organized and disciplined, and practiced in every method of modern warfare. Next to the news of the battle the most important news of the week is the publication of a treaty entered into on August 26 between Korea and Japan. This treaty is one of mutual alliance, and is defined as having for its object the strengthening and perpetuation of the mutual interests of the two countries by the driving out of the Chinese troops and the forcing of China to abandon altogether her claims in Korea. By its stipulations Korea is to give every possible facility to the Japanese army and to aid it in its warlike operations. Hardly had this treaty been given to the world when a report came through Shanghai that the Koreans had risen against Japan in the southern part of the peninsula and had destroyed an advanced guard, two thousand strong. This report does not seem at all consistent with the attitude of Korea toward Japan as shown by the treaty, is totally discredited by the Japanese in this country, and is probably not founded on fact.



Korea, China, and Japan

A good deal of interest has been excited in Europe by reports of an impending reconciliation between the Italian Government and the Pope, reports which seem to find a basis of fact in the recent utterances of Premier Crispi, as well as in those of several leading ecclesiastics. There is a well-founded reason for such reconciliation in the interest which all European Governments have in making common cause against Anarchism, and in the fact that the war of society against Anarchism cannot be successfully fought without the aid of religion and the Church. No sooner, however, were definite statements made looking toward a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal than they were promptly denied. There is reason to believe, however, that a serious endeavor is being made to secure much more cordial relations between the two courts than have heretofore existed, though the difficulties in the way are very great. It would seem to be impossible for the Italian Government to concede to the Pope anything approaching temporal sovereignty, and equally difficult for the Vatican to surrender its claim to temporal sovereignty without appearing to invalidate its claim to infallibility. The revelations of the next few weeks will be awaited with a good deal of interest, for the question is one which involves the welfare of Italy to an extent which it is difficult to overestimate.

Another quarrel between claimants to temporal and spiritual sovereignty besides that between the King of Italy and the Pope is even now going on in Europe. It is a highly amusing illustration of the resemblance between small things and great. The country where this quarrel is in progress is Andorra. This tiny nation, which comprises an area of one hundred and seventy-five square miles and a population of eight or ten thousand souls, is still large enough to have its internal dissensions. Andorra claims to have derived its political constitution from Charlemagne.

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It is usually called a republic, but in point of fact it is, and has been for several hundred years, governed jointly by France and by the Spanish Bishop of Urgel. The present Bishop of that see, it seems, is impatient of the restrictions put upon his temporal power by the delegate of France who shares the governing power with him, and has written a pastoral letter which is described as having an almost warlike sound. The revenue of the State is said to be about three hundred dollars, and is equally divided between France and the worthy Bishop. It is not likely that the great republic of France is seriously concerned about the commotion in its little sister republic, and it is not quite clear of what usurpation of power the Bishop of Urgel complains. The whole story has a curious resemblance to the plot of a comic opera.

❀

Professor von Helmholtz

Those not especially interested in the progress of science will little realize what the world has lost in the death of Professor Hermann von Helmholtz, briefly noted last week. Few men in the history of science have rendered her such signal services. His eminence and his contributions to the sum of human knowledge are about equally great in the three large fields of physiology, physics, and mathematics. His parentage was in no wise distinguished, and his university education consumed all the available means of his parents. Helmholtz's first important discovery, made now nearly half a century ago, consisted in measuring the exact rate of motion of a nerve-impulse, by a method simple, conclusive, and so described that it could be easily done in any laboratory—and this barely three years after DuBois Reymond, after experimenting for many years upon nerves, had declared that the time of nerve-action was forever immeasurable. This originated what some have called a science by itself—that of the chronology of the simplest psychic processes. His invention of the ophthalmoscope, a little later, practically created the entire medical specialty of ophthalmology, which Graefe and many others have since developed. Gifted with an ear of unusual delicacy, he devoted himself to the study of physiological acoustics, and not only analyzed a simple note, but recomposed it out of its overtones, showing that it was in the number and relative loudness of these that all differences of *timbre*, or the difference in quality of the same note when played on different instruments, consist. He also showed that we hear by means of sympathetic vibrations of a system of tiny rods in the ear, which vibrate, sympathetically, each to its own note. The history of music was now first completely studied and written up in a scientific manner; beats, scales, and chords were experimentally explained. This great work on the sensations of tone is still supreme in its field.

❀

Endowed with power of vision no less remarkable than that of his hearing, Helmholtz next subjected all the problems connected with color, light, form, and binocular vision to minute experimental investigation, collecting and freely criticising all the literature upon each topic. This work was so vast in itself, and stimulated so large a body of other work, that it was said a few years ago that a new edition of the book would be impossible; but, with the aid of Dr. Koenig, it was nearly two-thirds done and printed when Helmholtz died. Problems connected with the possibility of representing a space of four or n dimensions, and, later, many problems growing out of the conservation of energy, absorbed his later years. When that remarkable institution, the new *Reichsanstalt*, designed to co-ordinate and direct original research in the field of physics and related departments, was opened at Berlin, three years ago, with a building costing a million dollars, with thirty investigators and no teaching, Professor von Helmholtz, naturally, became its head. He was a poor lecturer and teacher, but in the work of investigation with a few advanced and chosen students he probably has had no superior and very few equals. He was, of course, a prodigious worker, spoke English well—his first wife being an Englishwoman—and was never more genial than at the semi-monthly musicales given at his residence in the physical laboratory at Dorotheenstrasse, which all his students will always remember with pleasure. The writer heard what is perhaps one of the greatest compliments ever paid to Helmholtz, uttered by one of his colleagues, in the University of Berlin, years ago; it was that no man, perhaps, ever lived of whom it is so nearly true that his every earnest and serious thought was a valuable enlargement of the boundaries of human knowledge.

❀

The native professors of the colleges at Aintab and Marash, in Asiatic Turkey, have been arrested by the Turkish Government on suspicion of participation in a seditious movement against that Government; perhaps we should rather say on suspicion of sympathizing with it. It is reported that there has also been a threat to search the college buildings, and to hold the professors under arrest without trial, the effect of which would be to close the schools; and this is probably the real design in the whole matter. Our Minister at Constantinople, Judge Terrell, is exerting himself to prevent any such result, and the Secretary of the Legation has gone to Aintab to make a personal investigation. It is very probable that the professors personally desire, as most sensible folk do, to see the Turkish Government overthrown, but there are remarkably well-balanced men both in the college at Aintab and in the Girls' College and the Theological Seminary at Marash, and it is not probable that they have taken any part in the political complications, still less that they have been preaching or teaching revolution in any form. The arrest is probably an attempt on the part of the Turkish officials to close the schools, for the Turkish Government is unalterably opposed to anything like genuine education in the Turkish Empire.

❀

The country is to be congratulated on the defeat of Mr. Breckinridge by the Democratic primaries in Kentucky. His nomination for Congress would have been a disgrace to the Democratic party of his district, and would have left a stain on the name of the State of Kentucky. It is true that great statesmen in the past have sometimes been men of great social immorality; but the standards of to-day ought to be higher than the standards of the past. It is doubtless true that there are men of social immorality in Congress even now, but they have not been nominated and elected as a vindication after suffering public disgrace. Moreover, Mr. Breckinridge's greatest offense was not his social immorality, but his posing at the same time as a conservator of public morals and sound religion. Charity might perhaps have attributed this double character to that strange incongruity which is not uncommon in man, and which makes him a perpetual riddle even to himself; but it

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is difficult even for the broadest charity to excuse, much less to justify, his subsequent course in demanding of his constituents public honor by way of vindication, and in alternately presenting himself as a repentant sinner and as a political saint whose social vices were not to be taken into account in determining his fitness for the exercise of legislative duties. No possible political benefits which he could have conferred upon the country could counteract the evil effect of the election of such a man under such circumstances to such a position in the National councils.

❀

A staff correspondent sums up on another page the results of the New York Constitutional Convention. The contrast between this body and that which adopted the present Constitution, and the contrast between the work of the two bodies, are very significant. It is, however, to be said that the present time called for more cautious and conservative action. We need in this State, what it appears to us this body has, on the whole, very well given us, a selection and incorporation in the Constitution, from an immense variety of radical and not always wise suggestions, of that which is wisest and best. In the general distrust of legislative bodies there has been considerable danger that this Convention would usurp the functions of the Legislature and enact laws rather than establish the principles according to which laws should be enacted. On the whole, the Convention has guarded itself fairly well against this peril. The other peril, that of partisanship, has shown itself most clearly in the endeavor to deal with the problem of municipal government and in the reapportionment amendment. Both subjects present very serious difficulties. It certainly is not safe to carry out the principle of "home rule" so radically as to set the people of New York and Brooklyn off in independent communities by themselves; and it may well be doubted whether our experience respecting municipal government is yet sufficient to enable even a wiser body than the present Constitutional Convention to draw permanently the line of demarcation between municipal and State authority. This question is not yet settled by the Convention, but from published indications we suspect that it will act upon the motto, "When you don't know what to do, do nothing." We hope that the Republicans will consent to submit the reapportionment amendment as a separate proposition, and we reserve any final expression of opinion upon that subject, but it is our impression that the principle of majority government ought not to be carried to such an extent as to give to the two cities of New York and Brooklyn one-half the political power over the whole State in the Legislature. The "one man one vote" principle is not the only and final political principle by which all others are to be tested and determined.

❀

The amendment against sectarian control is perhaps as important and far-reaching as any which the Convention has adopted, and it is so important that we give it here in full:

"Sec. 4. Neither the State nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used, directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance, other than for examination or inspection, of any school or institution of learning wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught."

As our readers know, this subject excited warm debate and developed radical differences of opinion. It appears to us that the final action taken was wise, and that the clause could not be better phrased. To exclude all religious teachings from the schools would be inconsistent with the desires of a great proportion, probably an overwhelming majority, of the parents, and would require, either in the Constitution itself or by the courts afterward, a definition of that vaguest of all terms, "religion." But it is not difficult to determine what is a religious denomination, and not seriously difficult to determine what is a denominational tenet or doctrine; and all of religious truth which is necessary to the development of such a character as promises to make a good citizen is held in common by all denominations, Protestant and Roman Catholic.

❀

The Lexow Committee has again adjourned to give its members the opportunity of attending the State political conventions. Short as their last week's session was, it produced evidence that may be called startling even when compared with the body of proof of corruption in the New York Police Department already before the Committee. The new ground explored was the relations between "headquarters" and the criminal classes. Heretofore the blackmailing and bribery have been traced only to captains and "ward-men," and it has been said that if "headquarters" had more power such things could not occur. But now it has been shown that detectives from "headquarters" have systematically aided pawnbrokers and thieves in fleecing the owners of stolen articles which have been pawned, and that the postal cards sent out from "headquarters" about stolen and pawned goods have systematically informed the owners that they must pay pawnbrokers' charges, all without warrant of law or justice. Much worse even than this is the evidence connecting a "headquarters" detective, Hanley, with the so-called green-goods men—pretended dealers in counterfeit money who swindle avaricious and dishonest persons who believe that they see a chance of safely obtaining and circulating counterfeit money. It was testified to that Detective Hanley systematically "protected" these swindlers, and that they regarded their payments to him as for "protection from headquarters." This evidence was in part corroborated by correspondence which has fallen into Mr. Goff's hands. Here, then, is something which Superintendent Byrnes might look into without leaving his own office. The Police Commissioners have resolved to hold no more trials until the Lexow Committee has finished its investigation. We earnestly hope that after the investigation is over some of the guilty officers may be put on trial before a jury. It is true that there was a failure to convict Captain Devery by a jury, but the McKane case shows that we need not by any means despair of jury trials. And the sending of one guilty captain or inspector to Sing Sing would have a vastly greater effect on the purity of the department than the mere dismissal from the force of twenty.

❀

The monometallist papers continue to make much of the Director of the Mint's report that the production of gold last year was "the greatest in the world's history." One paper in this city devotes nearly five columns to magnifying the importance of this fact. It shows that since the recent African discoveries the advance in the production of gold has been rapid. What it does not show, however, is that the richness of the African ore has steadily declined as the work of mining has been pushed forward. The yield per ton was just one-half as great in 1891 as in 1888, and Suess has shown that the African mines bid fair to be exhausted as quickly as were those of California and Australia. This, however, is not the most important fact. While it is true that the world's production of gold last year ($153,000,000) was the "greatest in the

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world's history," it is also true that it was hardly half a million dollars greater than in 1853. Meanwhile, however, the world's business requiring money has more than doubled. The United States alone to-day has a population nearly as large as Great Britain, France, and America combined had in 1853, while its wealth is even larger. The statistics of gold production, therefore, instead of showing that the world's supply of money is increasing in proportion to the demand, prove the exact opposite, and explain why prices, which remained substantially uniform from 1853 to 1873, have fallen so rapidly during the last two decades.

❀

The Government reports issued last week estimate the wheat crop of the country this year at 412,000,000 bushels as against 400,000,000 a year ago, and the corn crop at 1,100,000,000 bushels as against 1,650,000,000 a year ago. As the price of wheat has fallen and that of corn risen, it is interesting to notice that the value of the entire wheat crop at the New York price is this year $240,000,000 as against $290,000,000 last year, and the value of the corn crop is $700,000,000 as against $800,000,000 last year. Last year, however, was considered an abnormally bad one. Year before last the wheat crop at the New York price was worth $400,000,000 and the corn crop $900,000,000, and the figures for 1892 were about the average for several years preceding. The value of the two crops has thus fallen in the following proportion:

1892	$1,300,000,000
1893	1,100,000,000
1894	950,000,000

The value of the crops when on the farms would in each case be less; but the table accurately sets forth the proportion in which the money incomes of most farmers have fallen.

❀

The Governors of Georgia and of Virginia have, in published letters to the New York "World," resented the proposal of an English committee to investigate Southern lynching of the negro. Their letters as published are undignified in tone, and indicate a singular standard of official etiquette in those two States. The Governor of Georgia affirms that "the English papers, to my knowledge, have declined time and again to publish statements made to them in defense of the South by Englishmen who are now residents in the South." This, if true, is a reason for welcoming an investigation which would carry with it an opportunity to make official and authoritative statements to the people of England, and, for that matter, of the civilized world. The refusal of such an investigating committee to give to the public fully and completely any statement either of principles or of facts made in defense of the South would itself condemn the investigation. We may add that both these Governors appear to us to be living years, not to say centuries, behind their age. International public opinion is one of the prime elements in modern civilization. It put an end to the atrocities of the Bourbon rule in Italy; it has modified the anti-socialistic and repressive legislation in Germany; it is exerting a cognizable influence upon corrupting influences at work under the English Government in India; it is beginning to have some effect on the horrible atrocities perpetrated by the Russian Government in Siberia; it is stirring philanthropy and religion to deal with the problems of the "submerged tenth" in London; and it is little short of absurd for the Governors of Virginia and Georgia to suppose that a Chinese wall can be built about the Southern States so high and so thick that crime perpetrated behind that wall can be kept concealed from the observation of Christendom and the condemnation of a universal and enlightened conscience.

❀

The survey of parts of Alaska, which has just been completed, will lead to the settlement of the ownership of certain portions of that country the possession of which is now in dispute between Great Britain and the United States. The doubt about the frontier limits has mainly arisen from the very curious wording of the treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain. Of course the United States owns only what Russia owned at the time of our treaty with Russia. The treaty of 1825 laid down certain boundaries in a very indefinite way, by reference to mountain ranges lying parallel to the coast, and with a provision that when these mountains were found to lie more than ten miles from the coast, the boundary should be a line winding along parallel with the coast and at ten miles' distance from it. It now seems that in some places there is nothing that can be called a mountain range lying parallel to the coast, and that the coast-line itself is uncertain, owing to the existence of many islands separated only by a short distance from the shore. Surveying parties from Great Britain and this country have been amicably at work for some time, and as soon as the result of their labors is completed the diplomats can begin their arguments. To the popular mind perhaps the most interesting result of those surveys is the discovery that Mount St. Elias, which has so long been considered the highest mountain on the continent, is surpassed in height by two or three other mountains not very far from it. The height of Mount St. Elias has, however, been found to be greater than was supposed; it is 18,023 feet, while a few miles inland lies Mount Lugan, with a height of 19,534 feet. It will perhaps be a blow to the National pride of some geographers to learn also that both Mount St. Elias and the newly discovered and higher peaks are undoubtedly in British territory.

❀

The census bulletin giving for the entire country the results of the investigation of the farm and home proprietorships is an important document. Its estimates are not likely to be impeached on any side, as the investigation was intrusted to remarkably competent hands, and the results reached confirm and make definite the impressions formed from common observation. In the agricultural districts two families out of three own their farms, though nearly one-third of these owners are burdened with mortgages. Among the non-agriculturist population, however, only one-third of the families own their homes, while two-thirds are tenants. The larger the city, the greater the proportionate number of tenants. In New York City only six families in a hundred own their homes. No other city, however, approaches this bad eminence. In Boston, which ranks second in the proportion of tenants, there are eighteen home-owners out of every hundred families. The fact that the drift of population is from the country to the cities, and from the smaller cities to the larger ones, makes the effect of the bulletin somewhat depressing, for no one can contemplate with satisfaction the prospect of tenantry increasing and home ownership diminishing. No doubt the situation is serious, but it is encouraging to reflect that the chief reason for the small proportion of home-owners in the great cities is the large proportion of immigrants. Outside of the great cities a majority of American families are still home-owners.

❀

General News.—The quarrels between the cattlemen and sheep-herders in western Colorado culminated last

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week in the destruction by a band of cattlemen of two flocks of sheep numbering, it is said, from 3,500 to 5,000; one of the sheep-herders was seriously wounded, and will probably die.——Dispatches from Rome state that the Pope will hold a consistory in December, at which it is expected that Monsignor Satolli will be nominated a cardinal.——The Dutch are taking vigorous measures to put down the rebellion in Lombok recently described in these columns; it now appears that the rebels are not the Sasaks, but the Balinese, who number less than 30,000, but who have for a long time controlled by military power the 400,000 Sasaks of the country; the Sasaks comparatively lately appealed to the Dutch to relieve them from oppression by the Balinese, but the latter, as already reported, have driven the Dutch from the capital, Mataram, which has now been retaken by the Dutch.—— The German garrison at Kilwa in Zanzibar was on September 7 attacked by a force of 2,000 natives, who were easily repulsed with heavy loss.——Mr. James Anthony Froude, the historian, is seriously ill, and fears are entertained that he may not recover.——An International Peace Congress is in session at Perugia, Italy.——The ocean steamship records from New York to Queenstown and from Southampton to New York have both been broken this week—the first by the Cunard boat Lucania, the second by the American liner New York; the first record is now five days, eight hours, and thirty-eight minutes; the second, six days, seven hours, and fourteen minutes.——The Peary Arctic Expedition has returned to Newfoundland, having been forced to abandon its plans by severe and prolonged bad weather; Lieutenant Peary and two companions, however, remained at Falcon Bay, and will continue their explorations next season.

"Trilby"

We shall treat this deservedly famous novel from the literary point of view in our review columns hereafter. Here it serves only as a text for some reflections on the moral and immoral in literature.

Is "Trilby" a moral story?

That question is just now the most prominent ethical question in novel-reading circles. The superficial will say, To ask this question is to answer it; a questionable novel is an immoral novel. But the superficial will, as usual, be mistaken. Whether a novel, a song, a play, a picture, or, for that matter, a sermon, is moral or immoral, depends on him who reads, looks, listens, as well as on the artist. Perhaps it is the critic who is questionable. He may be so, even though he were a purist—that is, a Pharisee.

Is there any standard, or are there any standards, by which we may judge whether a novel, song, play, picture, or sermon is moral or not? We think there are some principles by aid of which a standard may by framed.

The question, Is this story moral? recognizes the truth that there are eternal principles of right, by which conduct should be directed and character shaped. The story may not deal with these principles; then it is neither moral nor immoral. "Midsummer Night's Dream" may serve as an illustration. But if it does deal with these principles, even so faintly and indirectly as Rudyard Kipling's tale of "Riki Tiki Tavi," the moralist has a right to demand that the principles shall not be obscured, blurred, dimmed, scoffed at, or set aside; that the issue of the book shall be a clearer recognition of these principles, or a stronger emphasis upon them, or a truer estimate of their value. If this is the effect of the book on the reader, it is a moral book; if the effect is the reverse, it is an immoral book; if the effect is partly to clarify and partly to obscure the moral vision, the book is partly moral and partly immoral. And since novelists are imperfect men, that incongruous effect is precisely the one produced by most novels and plays, not to say some sermons.

We do not ask the novelist to turn preacher. His business is simply to portray the hidden truths of life. But moral principles are its deepest truth, and if the artist undertakes to portray them at all, we have a right to demand that the portrayal be truthful. Moral truth may be introduced by the writer into his story by any one of several methods. He may introduce a Greek Chorus which comments on the drama as it is played before our eyes. The Greek Chorus may be awkward and intrusive, as it usually is in the Sunday-school story, or a graceful and charming feature of the drama, as it is in Thackeray's novels; but in either case this method is not that of the highest art. The novelist may put noble moral sentiments into the mouth of one of his characters, who, therefore, acts as Greek Chorus—a method much in vogue in certain classes of didactic novels. The result may be excellent ethics, but is rarely excellent art. More effective is the introduction of a noble character, whose genuine indignation against the morally despicable arouses sympathetically the like spirit in the reader. No one can accuse Colonel Newcome of preaching; but he must be afflicted with hopeless moral obtuseness who does not see life with a clearer moral vision from having lived with Colonel Newcome. More subtle, and perhaps more effective, is the method of so portraying life and character that the reader inevitably and unconsciously applies to the events and characters portrayed his own moral judgments; discusses within himself, Is this right? and why? Who ever read or heard the "Merchant of Venice" without calling on his conscience, as well as on his ears, to listen and to judge? Finally, the artist may reward virtue and punish vice in the course of the story—of all methods the simplest, and, if it be employed alone, the least effective method of interpreting moral truth. For the true character of conduct is not determined by its apparent consequences.

But whatever method the artist employs—whether an impersonal Chorus, or a character playing the part of Chorus, or a hero set in contrast with the villainy of the piece, or a noble presentation of vice and virtue, coercing the conscience to sit in judgment whether it will or no, or an immediate and dramatic administration of rewards and punishments—the artist must contrive to make the moral truth of life clearer or more emphatic, or he has not written a moral book. And if he has, on the contrary, made the moral truth of life less clear or less emphatic than before, his book is immoral.

Let "Trilby" serve to illustrate these principles.

The moral character of this story depends chiefly upon two elements: a Greek Chorus and the character of Trilby and her three comrades. The Greek Chorus is continually on the stage. It is not tedious; but it would be better if there were less of it. Its morality never rises as high as that of the Greek tragedies, never falls as low as that of the French novelists. Its standard is that of the Anglo-Saxon code of honor—the highest code of social honor in the world. It rarely falls below that, and never rises above it. It is lower than Hawthorne's, lower than Thackeray's noblest. At least twice it is flippant and superficial. But it is never salacious and never vulgar.

And what of Trilby and her three comrades? The latter, who constitute a sort of tri-personal hero of the story, leading an artist life in the Latin Quarter in Paris, are true, genuine, chivalrous young men. Little

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Billee doubtless might have had Trilby as his mistress, but it does not occur to him even as a thought. That he cannot have her as his wife kills him. No book in English literature sounds a nobler note in honor of masculine chastity. Trilby, an artists' model, child of an ignorant mother, and strangely ignorant of moral laws herself, has lost her virtue, yet retains her innocence. To speak more accurately, she possesses all the virtues save the one; she is simple, sincere, truthful, loving, heroically self-sacrificing; but she has lost her chastity. She has not sold herself for money or for place. She has given herself away—for love? No! rather for good nature; and knows not what she has given. There is one scene of deep self-shame and repentance; one of flippant repentance without self-shame, the most serious blemish in the book. But the net result is not a noble note in honor of feminine chastity; rather the reverse. What "The Scarlet Letter" treats as a sacrilege, in the very spirit of Paul himself, this story treats as a *lâche*, a fault easily condoned, almost overlooked. The drawing of Trilby's character is morally untrue. In life innocence is not retained after virtue is lost. And character-drawing which is morally untrue is never morally wholesome. The story of "Trilby" is ancient Gnosticism done into modern dramatic form—the story of a pure soul untainted by a polluted life. And Gnosticism is false.

To the question, then, Is "Trilby" a moral novel? we reply in the negative. Its moral standard is a purely conventional one—that of the social code of honor. The eternal sanctions of righteousness, which are never ignored in the greatest works of the greatest artists, are wholly lacking. Religion is never referred to except in its most conventional forms, and then only to be satirized, perhaps we should say travestied. It is true that the story exalts all the social virtues except one. But for unchastity in woman it inspires rather the condonation which comes of comparative indifference than the forgiveness which comes of a pure and pitying love.

An Organized Public Conscience

Despite corruption, active and passive, in public affairs, no one questions the moral soundness of the people of this country, their personal integrity, their desire that right and just things should be done. The trouble is that for some reason, or for many, this desire is not effective. Inefficiency, indifference to moral sanctions, unblushing corruption, have never been so rife as during the last two decades. Both great National parties are smirched and discredited by compliance, connivance, or active participation in evil. The history of tariff legislation during the recent session was discreditable and disheartening in the last degree; but, as a matter of fact, the Democratic tariff was shaped by precisely the same selfish influences which for years have shaped the Republican tariff bills. The difference lies in the fact that, owing to the Democratic attitude towards the tariff, these influences were thrown into bolder relief and brought into more distinct view last winter. In municipal matters the case is the same. In some cities the ring is Democratic, in other cities it is Republican; in this city the local Republican machine has never been a whit better than Tammany, with which it has traded these many years. In State politics there is nothing to choose between "Boss" Hill and "Boss" Platt. What is significant is the fact that not only is the public conscience violated, but public opinion is defied, at Washington and in more cities than one cares to count.

This is not saying that public opinion is powerless; on the contrary, it drove the lottery out of Louisiana, it expelled the gamblers and jockeys from Trenton, and it has more than once turned out the great parties at Washington. But the parties get back again without any real change of heart; the lottery has set up business in Florida; and the tremendous defeat of the race-track interests in New Jersey has been neutralized in more ways than one. Men remain in power who sell not only themselves but their parties. If we were not grown so callous, the revelations regarding the police department in this city would make us realize that the law itself, that sacred and solemn expression of the conscience of the people, has become a matter of open barter between public officials and prostitutes, gamblers, liquor-dealers, and lawbreakers. Public opinion has power, but it has not power enough; it is too slow in giving itself effectiveness; it is too uncertain; it fails too often. Mr. Kidd, in the striking comments on this country published in our columns three weeks ago, put the whole matter in a sentence when he said: "What America needs to-day is an organized public conscience." We have conscience enough in this country to drive out the money-changers, but it is not organized; it is wasted in loose talk, in idle and unfruitful denunciation. It is in the air, but it is too rarely in the ballot-box.

We need more, not less, criticism; but it must be for moral, not for party, purposes. There are certain things which men of all parties ought instantly to react against as personally and politically dishonorable. In a company of gamblers, if a player is caught cheating, the game stops; in politics, if a man cheats, there is a loud outcry, but the game goes on. The continual abuse of the opposite party by the partisan press so accustoms the mind to charges of rascality that when such charges are seriously made they fail of their effect. We need more fault-finding, but it must be intelligent, dispassionate, and moral in its impulse. Independents and "Mugwumps" have been reviled and abused as pessimists, but there are no such pessimists as the partisan newspapers; they fill even a hopeful man with despair.

The true American is he who is jealously sensitive of his country's honor, and who is merciless in his attack on every one who lowers its standards and smirches its fair name. One must not look for perfect manners or perfect English in our politicians, but one ought to insist on elementary honesty and fidelity. The comments on the political conditions in this country which appear in the European press are not pleasant reading for the American who is unable to dispute the facts, and who finds no comfort in the argument, "You're another!" nor in the sneering query, "Who cares for Abroad, anyway?" Everybody cares whether his neighbor holds him to be an honorable man or a scoundrel. That is a question on which the neighbors have a right to an opinion. Moreover, we have set out to put things on a higher plane than our neighbors across the sea; we have promised to exalt man by treating him as our equal. If we cheat him, misgovern him, neglect and defraud him by lowering the standards of public action and by neutralizing or betraying the popular will, we deserve a severer judgment than those who have made less imposing promises to mankind. Our public life ought not only to be as high as that of older countries, it ought to be higher. As a matter of fact, it is lower, and it is idle to disguise the fact. We have done many fine and beneficent things for humanity, but we are not true to our trust as the special custodians of the Democratic idea; we are making men less instead of more sacred; we are breeding a dangerous cynicism among those who ought to cherish high ideals of

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public action. Men are saying on every hand that corruption and self-seeking are evils inherent in self-government. If that be true, the sooner we give up self-government the better; for we are incompetent to carry it on. If New York cannot overthrow Tammany, it deserves to live under the rule of Tammany; which is not self-government, but the rule of an oligarchy. But the trouble resides, not in the form of self-government, but in the failure of the self-governors. We need, as Mr. Kidd also says, "personal sacrifice and devotion." We need "men capable of giving the same devotion to the cause of public morality that is now given to the cause of money-making."

When we produce this kind of sacrifice and devotion, when we are ready to pay the tremendous price which self-government exacts, we shall have an organized public conscience, expressed through an organized public opinion, which shall strike like lightning and destroy utterly what it strikes.

Joseph H. Choate

Mr. Joseph H. Choate, whose portrait appears on the title-page of The Outlook this week, and whose name has been constantly before the public during the summer as that of the presiding officer of the Constitutional Convention which has been in session at Albany, has added to the distinction of a name already eminent in the legal annals of the country. Graduating from Harvard College in 1852, Mr. Choate was admitted to the bar of Massachusetts, but removed to New York in 1856, and is still in the prime of life and one of the leaders of his profession not only in the city but in this country. His career as a lawyer has been one of steadily increasing success and influence, while outside his profession he is very widely known as a man of rare charm of person and manner. His wit is of the purest and most genuine kind, and has a notable element of spontaneity and freshness. He has also the gift of irony, and on more than one occasion his trenchant attacks on his opponents in the court-room or on the men whom he has antagonized in public affairs have been peculiarly telling by reason of his skillful use of this effective weapon. One of his great charms is the apparent ease with which he does his work. There is about him the atmosphere of a man of genius to whom all things come by nature, but it is hardly necessary to say that his professional success rests upon a solid foundation of achievement and hard work. Although never in politics in the professional sense, Mr. Choate has been for many years a public man, and his selection to preside over the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention was an expression of the popular regard in which he is held, and the general confidence in his ability and his fairness. A Republican by conviction and by long party affiliation, Mr. Choate has often spoken his mind with great frankness, and has more than once taken an independent position. As a speaker he has a singular grace and ease of manner, and at his best illustrates, perhaps as well as any man of the day, the higher qualities of the conversational style of oratory—oratory which is often eloquent but which is never ornate, which is relieved by many shadings of tone and of feeling, which is in good taste, and which has a ring of sincerity. A personality so attractive and so gifted as Mr. Choate's could not be wholly absorbed in a profession, and, while he has adhered very resolutely to his professional pursuits, Mr. Choate has had time to make a leading position for himself as a man of affairs, a speaker of winning power, and a citizen of probity and distinction.

Editorial Notes

—Portuguese wives are prohibited by law from publishing their literary work without their husbands' consent. We sometimes receive MSS. in this office written in unmistakable masculine chirography that lead us to think that there are occasions when the converse of such a law would work well in this country.

—American daily newspapers are not the only offenders against the canons of good taste in the use of words. Here is the London "Chronicle" telling us all about "A French Lady Swindler." It would now be interesting if the "Chronicle" would give us a description of a German gentleman pickpocket.

—Lady Colin Campbell, it is announced, is about to establish and edit a journal in London the object of which is to "teach workingmen to think and to avoid the fallacies of Socialism." A very good idea! And while she is about it let her teach them also to avoid the fallacies of Religion, Political Economy, Science, and perhaps even those of Government by an Aristocracy.

—The chief engineer of the Chicago Telephone Company says in "Electrical Engineering" that there are in this country now in daily service 600,000 telephones, with 500,000 miles of wire, over which 600,000,000 messages are annually transmitted. Think of it; 600,000,000 opportunities a year for the exercise of patience and politeness and good humor! What a charming nation we shall be when the results of this exercise begin to show themselves!

—A Boston inventor proposes to attach large revolving brushes, like those used on street-sweepers, to trolley-cars in such a manner that a person who happens to fall in front of the car will be swept from the track. Casual conversations with Boston citizens and occasional perusals of Boston newspapers give the impression that this inventor will achieve instant popularity if he will now turn his attention to some device for sweeping the trolley-car from the tracks.

—The New York "Press," an ardent advocate of a high protective tariff, calls The Outlook "a free-trade organ," and says that "it accepts as one of the coming results of a disguised free trade, otherwise 'tariff reform' policy, that the American manufacturers will yet have to compete with the four-and-a-half-cents-a-day labor of Asia." The Outlook accepts nothing of the kind. It does not believe that four-and-a-half-cents-a-day labor can compete anywhere with two-dollar-a-day labor. If it can, then the fruits of civilization are "not all that they are cracked up to be."

—Playing-card manufacturers are accused of scheming to avoid the tax which the new tariff law imposes on those apparently innocent bits of pasteboard, by putting three "jokers" in every pack. The law provides that the tax shall be paid on every pack containing not more than fifty-four cards. There are fifty-two cards and a "joker" in every normal pack; thus by adding two extra "jokers" the manufacturers apparently may evade the law. There was never a better illustration of the petty meanness to which money-making sometimes stoops. Every reputable person ought to decline to purchase or play with packs of cards manipulated in this way.

—The Outlook publishes this week the first part of a new story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. The story is written in Mrs. Burnett's happiest vein, and although it is, like "Little Lord Fauntleroy," ostensibly intended for younger readers, also like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" it will be read with pleasure and satisfaction by the older members of the family. They may read it aloud under the pretense of amusing nephews or nieces or grandchildren, or they may have the courage to read it openly for their own delectation, but whatever be the method, the story is sure to make a happy impression. To tell what the story is about would be to let a kitten out of the bag; but this much may be said, that admirers of the "Jungle Book" will find that Mrs. Burnett believes, as we do, that snakes and lions and panthers and mongooses are not the only animals which have the human qualities of affection, sympathy, joy, and sorrow.

—Dr. J. M. Rice, the well-known authority on public-school education, deals in pretty destructive criticism when he thinks it is needed, but his bump of constructiveness is well developed, too. Having pointed out to the public schools, in his famous articles in the "Forum" (about to be published in book form by the Century Company), what they ought not to do, he has now shown them what they ought to do by successfully planning and accomplishing a "school excursion" based on the method of teaching by travel which is an established accessory of school education in Germany. Dr. Rice describes this excursion in the September "Forum." It was carried out last June, when he conducted fifty-five public-school scholars and twenty-three teachers and associates over a journey of 1,800 miles, from Indiana to Washington, D.C., and return. This unique experiment, which the town of Anderson, Ind., was so progressive as to undertake, ought to be the forerunner of many more such ventures in peripatetic pedagogy.

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The New York Constitutional Convention

From a Staff Correspondent

THE Convention now closing its sessions at Albany is a very different body from that which adopted the present Constitution of New York, and its work is a very different work. In the former body more than one-third of the members were farmers, and farmers and workmen together outnumbered the lawyers. It was a Convention representing the common people of the State. In the present Convention farmers and laborers together number but half a dozen out of one hundred and seventy-five, while one hundred and forty-three members are lawyers. When one observes the overwhelming preponderance of lawyers in this Convention as contrasted with the earlier one, it seems strange that De Tocqueville should have observed more than half a century ago that America was already largely governed by its aristocracy of lawyers. But when one examines the work of the Convention, he is impressed with the accuracy of the great Frenchman's observations regarding the political characteristics of the legal profession. By its training in the search of precedents it is bound to the past and is the chief stronghold of conservatism. A convention in which four members out of five are attorneys is not the convention to put before the people such propositions as did that of 1846, which legislated out of office all the Judges of the State (ordering their election by the people for a term of years, instead of their appointment by the Governor for life), completely uprooted the whole chancery system, the patronage of which enabled the Governor to dominate the politics of nearly every county town, abolished lotteries, prohibited the granting of divorce except by judicial proceedings, established the freedom of the press (by ordering that the truth of a charge might be pleaded in actions for libel), abolished feudal tenures of every description, forever putting an end to the "anti-rent agitation" which had amounted to a rebellion in several counties, and, in fact, initiated a whole code of popular legislation which it had been impossible to secure from the Senate and the Assembly. Compared with this radical programme submitted to the electors, the propositions indorsed by the present Convention seem tame.

And yet the present Convention doubtless has more men of conspicuous ability than had its predecessor. It certainly has more men of conspicuous culture. Fully one-half of its members are graduates of colleges, and the impression made upon one as he looks about the hall is that the body before him is one of exceptional ability and character. You are not likely to be in the Convention long before some one observes to you that it contains the Presidents of two important associations—Mr. Becker, of Buffalo, the President of the State Bar Association, and Mr. Tekulsky, of New York, the President of the Liquor-Dealers' Association. But Mr. Tekulsky, when you meet him, creates a surprisingly favorable impression. He is by no means a typical liquor-dealer; his eyes are clear, and his face bears no marks either of dissipation or of hardness. The other liquor-dealer in the Convention (a Republican, by the way), in every way looks his profession. But Mr. Tekulsky does not; in fact, his manner is so frank and sincere as to convince you that he introduced in perfect good faith his constitutional amendment prohibiting race-track gambling. It is to be regretted that the ministers and the church members of the State did not come to his assistance and secure for it the indorsement of the Convention.

It is in respect to moral reforms that the work of the Convention is most disappointing. Three years ago the Republican party pledged itself to the principle of local option. It has always claimed to be the friend of temperance legislation, and the claim is certainly a sincere one as regards the rank and file of its members. When, therefore, the political overturn a year ago unexpectedly gave to the Republicans a large majority in the Constitutional Convention, it was hoped that this Convention would place in the fundamental law the right of the voters in all localities to decide whether, or under what conditions, they should license the liquor traffic. But from the beginning of the Convention to the end of it only one "temperance" measure has even been discussed, and that was a proposition to establish in New York the Ohio liquor tax system. This measure had the indorsement of Mr. Tekulsky as well as of the mild reformer who proposed it. For this lack of attention to temperance measures, however, the Convention is not entirely responsible. As Mr. Goodelle, of the Committee on Legislative Powers, told the writer, the temperance people of the State had not asked anything from the Convention directly in the line of temperance reform, but had apparently directed all their efforts toward the adoption of laws securing woman suffrage. The failure of the temperance people to agitate, and the belief of the Republican party managers that action in this direction was bad policy this year for either their Legislature or their Convention, explains why nothing has been done.

Along another line, however, the Convention on Thursday of last week adopted a moral reform of no inconsiderable importance. The amendment referred to is that making it a misdemeanor for any public officer to accept a free pass, free transportation, franking privileges, or any discrimination from any corporation. The debate upon this proposition was perhaps the most interesting one in the entire Convention. A majority of all the members elected was necessary to secure its adoption, and the number of absentees and the number of avowed opponents was such as to lend excitement to the whole discussion. It was curious to observe how many grounds were urged for opposing this amendment to check bribery. One delegate had the cynical effrontery to declare that it was "buncombe" for such an amendment to be submitted by a Convention which was itself loaded down with passes. This bit of shamelessness seemed to be appreciated by a considerable element in the Convention, and the delegate was applauded when he declared that he had one of the passes himself. Other delegates declared with much vehemence that they would not insult the courts and legislatures and public officials of the State by intimating that their judgments could be influenced by the receipt of passes. These gentlemen professed too high an opinion of the courts and the legislatures. Other delegates declared that the amendment was really in the interests of corporations which wished to get rid of applications for passes and franking privileges. These men protested that they voted against the amendment as foes of corporations. One of the leading men in the Convention, a man of scholarship and unquestioned private character, attacked the amendment because it exempted the bribe-giver and punished only the bribe-taker. With so much force did he urge this point that the Convention was half convinced that he really desired an amendment still more hostile to the corporations; but when President Choate moved to add a clause subjecting the officers of corporations giving the bribes to the same penalties as the public officers receiving them, the critic of the amendment showed that he was still hostile to it. Despite his virtue in private life, this prominent lawyer was in favor of permitting the purchase and sale of public influence to go on. In general, of course, it was the worst men in the Convention who opposed the amendment, but corporation connections seemed to count for more than private character. One of the men who not only voted but spoke against the anti-bribery amendment was a graduate of Union Theological Seminary, and for years a minister. This vote and speech were justly held up to ridicule in the Convention, which felt the spectacle to be scandalous. In justice to this ex-minister and his associates there might be urged (and they did urge) in defense of their votes one argument not yet mentioned. In the course of his speech, and most of the speeches, came the declaration that the amendment should be opposed because it

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placed in the Constitution a matter which should be left to the Legislature. To this objection there was no obvious answer, except that this was the plea upon which members almost invariably explained their votes against propositions which the public favored but they themselves opposed. How much sincerity there was in this plea, in this case, was made evident when the vote was taken on the very next proposition before the Convention. This was the amendment prohibiting the Legislature from allowing prisoners to be employed except on public work. Here was a prohibition of power to the Legislature so extreme that some of the most intelligent and conscientious men in the Convention opposed it; yet thirty-one out of the forty-four delegates who were against making the Constitution a statute-book by prohibiting passes were in favor of making the Constitution a statute-book by prohibiting prison labor. Among the thirty-one was the graduate of Union Theological Seminary. The anti-bribery amendment was finally passed with a margin of eight votes.

The amendment prohibiting the employment of convict labor except upon public works (including the making of materials to be used by public institutions throughout the State) was the one concession made by the Convention to the demands of the trades-unions. The more important labor measures—those permitting peaceable combinations of laborers to raise wages or shorten hours, making corporations responsible for damages to employees upon the same terms as to non-employees, and extending to the people the right of direct legislation—were hardly considered by the Convention. The amendment, however, to do away with prison labor upon products to be sold in the general market was indorsed by the great body of the Republicans as a logical counterpart of a protective tariff. The debate upon it was an extremely enlightening one, its advocates showing that the proposed system had been introduced in England and France, that the present system was run at a loss sufficient to support all the convicts in idleness, and that the presence of contractors was inconsistent with the conduct of the prison on reform lines. When the vote began, the measure seemed for a time certain to be defeated. When, however, the name of Mr. Lauterbach, one of the Republican leaders from New York, was reached, he appealed to the Convention in the name of humanity to support this measure; and when that of Mr. Elihu Root was reached, he stated to the Convention that the discussion of the measure had changed his position from one of hostility to one of advocacy. After that there was a long succession of Republican ayes, and the labor measure was indorsed with a margin of three votes.

On Friday last the Convention passed the most important measures it will submit to the public. These were the judiciary amendment previously described in these columns, and the amendment reapportioning the State in order to prevent legislative gerrymanders. The judiciary amendment was indorsed by the entire Judiciary Committee without regard to party, and though on the floor of the Convention it was criticised, both because it increased the number of judges so much and because it did not increase them enough, it was passed by substantially a unanimous vote. Not so, however, the apportionate amendment. Here the party lines were tightly drawn, and the vote of 96 to 60, by which the measure was passed, was strictly a party vote, except that one Republican delegate declared that the measure was too partisan to receive his support, and therefore voted with the Democrats. The partisan features criticised were that increasing the representation of the rural counties on the ground that the county as such was entitled to representation even if it did not contain the normal ratio of population, and that restricting the representation of New York and Brooklyn to a maximum of one-half of the Legislature. In justification of these provisions the Republican leaders cited the constitutions of several Southern Democratic States, and urged that the people of the rural districts should be preserved from the domination of the bosses of Greater New York. Mr. Becker, of Buffalo, urged that the great cities were the centers of corporate wealth and ring rule, and claimed that the provision was necessary in order to save the remainder of the State from these evils. The Democrats, on the other hand, pointed out that the great cities already paid more than half of the taxation of the State, and declared that the provision meant taxation without representation. They further pointed out—and this was their strong argument—that the foundation of democracy was government by the majority, and that this provision was directly in violation of this principle. Inasmuch as the two great cities already contain nearly one-half of the State's population, as against one-sixth when the present Constitution was adopted, this last point was certainly well taken, and its justice will be recognized by many of those who believe most strongly that the cities are the centers of corporation rule, and that it will be a misfortune for the rest of the State to be subjected to the domination of the "foreign metropolis" "whose lower classes are recent immigrants and whose upper classes are annual emigrants." The avoiding of these evils, however, should be found in giving to all parts of the State local self-government, in order that each might have the power to correct the evils from which it suffers, and no power to inflict evils on the rest of the Commonwealth. The apportionment amendment was so bitterly attacked by the Democrats that unless the Republicans consent to submit it as a separate proposition the whole Constitution is likely to be opposed by nearly every Democratic voter in the State. The Democrats are confident that this would mean the defeat of the Constitution. Some of the Republicans admit the danger, but one of them at least urges that, even if defeated, the work of the Convention will not be lost. "The value of the Convention," he says, "consists in having such men as Mr. Choate, Mr. Root, and others of like caliber, men whose time is worth to them hundreds of dollars a day, devoting it for months to the consideration of a vast mass of legislative projects, and making reports which must enlighten and facilitate the work of future Legislatures." This is perhaps the most hopeful view to take of the work of perhaps the ablest body of men that has sat in any State during a long period of years.

Since this article was written important amendments have been passed providing for civil appointments according to merit and fitness, recognizing the Board of Regents, forbidding the appropriation of public funds to schools under denominational control, and requiring the maintenance of a State Board of Charities with visitorial powers.

C. B. S.

A Prayer

By Bliss Carman

Lord of my heart's elation,
Spirit of things unseen,
Be thou my aspiration
Consuming and serene!

Bear up, bear out, bear onward
This mortal soul alone,
To selfhood or oblivion,
Incredibly thine own,—

As the foamheads are loosened
And blown along the sea,
Or sink and merge forever
In that which bids them be.

I, too, must climb in wonder,
Uplift at thy command—
Be one with my frail fellows
Beneath the wind's strong hand,

A fleet and shadowy column
Of dust or mountain rain,
To walk the earth a moment
And be dissolved again.

Be thou my exaltation
Or fortitude of mien,
Lord of the world's elation,
Thou breath of things unseen!

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Selected Short Stories

II.—The Tragedy of Duncan Duncanson, Schoolmaster[1]

Sometime Minister of the Parish of Shaws: Deposed for Drunkenness

By S. R. Crockett

Mr. S. R. Crockett, the author of "The Stickit Minister" and "The Raiders," was born almost exactly thirty-five years ago, at a small farm-house called Duchrae, in the district of Galloway in Scotland. Galloway is the scene of almost if not quite all of his stories, whether they are written about present-day people or are romances of the old times. Mr. Crockett, as a boy, attended a little school near by, and later went to the excellent academy at Castle Douglas, known as the Free Church Institution. It was at this latter school, we believe, that he said the other day, in a speech to the boys, that a Scotch boy needed three things—oatmeal, the catechism, and a birch rod. From this training, he said, had resulted such men as Thomas Chalmers, David Livingstone, Mac-Kay of Uganda, and Paton of New Hebrides. Later on Mr. Crockett was a pupil-teacher in this school for some years, leaving it for the Edinburgh University, where his education was completed; then followed some years of travel. Mr. Crockett has written verse for the last ten years or so, but the little character-studies which have now become famous under the title of one of them, "The Stickit Minister," were begun as late as 1891, and form the author's first prose writings. The stories appeared at first quite obscurely in religious and local papers of no very great circulation, but their remarkable merit was at once discovered by literary judges, and upon their publication in book form they were hailed by all the critics as worthy of being placed side by side with the stories of Mr. J. M. Barrie, which they resemble in subject and spirit, but not in method of treatment. This book of stories has already passed through at least six editions in England, and has had a large sale here. Mr. Crockett's second book, "The Raiders," is a semi-historical story of romance and adventure, and, while thoroughly original, suggests comparisons with Mr. Stevenson's "Kidnapped," Mr. Conan Doyle's "Micah Clarke," and other books of that class. The success of "The Raiders" has been extraordinary, and it is well deserved; still, we think many will agree with us in finding in the little stories of modern Scotch life, such as that here reproduced, a quality so singularly attractive, a humor so strong and bright, and a pathos so sincere and sympathetic, that the union of these things makes "The Stickit Minister" the author's best book. Mr. Crockett has just published a third book, a short story of the days of the Covenanters, with a legendary and supernatural element; it is called "Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills." The tale is slight and hardly to be compared with his other work. A new romance is now being written by Mr. Crockett. A review of "The Raiders" will be found in The Outlook for March 31, 1894.

S. R. Crockett

DUNCAN DUNCANSON, parochial schoolmaster in the parish of Nether Dullarg, stood at the door of his school-house, shading his eyes with his hand. He looked down the road and up the road, but no one was in sight. Not a leaf moved that breathless July morning. It was yet too early for the scholars to come, and, indeed, being high haytime, the dominie did not expect a large attendance. He was not watching the stray collie-puppy which made noisy demonstrations against the bluebottles near the water-spout at the foot of the playground. He was looking out for a tall girl carrying a black bag. To his mind she had delayed too long, and he was muttering what seemed by the gruff tones to be threats, but which was in reality something much milder.

"Never was there sic a lassie; she canna even come straight back from the heid o' the street!" he said, complainingly. "There's no' a dowg in the Dullarg but she maun clap, an' no' a pussy sleepin' in the sun but she maun cross the road to stroke. She gets hersel' fair covered wi' dirt playin' wi' the laddies; she'll even set doon the black bag to play for keeps wi' the boys at the bools, an' her comin' on for fifteen."

He sighed as though this were a deep grief to him, and a tear stood, with a kind of melancholy entirely unsuited to the slightness of the occasion, in his unsteady eye of watery blue. But it was not at all the shortcomings of the "lassie" that filled his heart. He kept muttering under his breath:

"If my Flora had but had her ain—shame to you, Duncan Duncanson, shame to you, shame to you—she micht hae been a dochter o' the manse."

Suddenly there was a glint as of sunshine in a shady place among the trees at the foot of the inclined slope of beaten earth which was called the playground. So steep was it that when a scholar fell anywhere upon it he rolled over and over till brought up by the dyke. A tall girl came up the steps with a hop, skip, and jump, took the dominie round the neck in a discomposing manner, swung him on his heels as on a pivot, and pushed him into the school.

"There," she said, "that's the last time that I gang for your bag. I wonder that you are not ashamed to sen' your daughter to the public-hoose for a black bag that every bairn kens what's in, every Tuesday and Friday, an' you the maister!"

Duncan Duncanson stood knitting his broad smooth brow, and clasping and unclasping his hands nervously. But he said nothing. His attention was irresolutely divided between his daughter, who stood before him with arms akimbo, the image of a petty tyrant, and the black bag which more and more strongly drew his gaze. "I'll slip ower," he said, "an' see gin there's a big eneuch coal on the fire to keep it in!" So, taking the black bag in his hand, he went out like a chidden child glad to escape from observation. The girl maintained her dignified position till he was out of sight, then threw herself down on the hacked and ink-stained desk and cried as if her heart would break.

"Oh, my faither, my faither," she sobbed, "an' him yince a minister!"

When the dominie returned, with a flush on his cheek which slowly ebbed away, he found his girl in the midst of a riotous game of "steal the bonnets," which was played at only by the aristocrats of the school. Flora Duncanson was easily empress both in the school-house and in the school of the Nether Dullarg; and except when her father took one of his occasional turns of wild and ungovernable temper, after too close devotion to the black bag which he had returned from locking in its skeleton cupboard, she was also the mistress of the master.

Every one in Nether Dullarg knew the history of Duncan Duncanson. He had taught nearly all the younger portion of them, for it was many years since he was appointed parish preacher in Nether Dullarg, long before Mr. Pitbye came to be minister. Duncan Duncanson was college-bred. More than that, he had been a minister, and

[1] This story is published by special permission of the publishers of "The Stickit Minister," Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of New York. The portrait has been redrawn from one in "The Bookman."

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no "stickit" minister either, but duly licensed, ordained, and inducted—also, alas! *deposed.* There had been a black bag even in those early days, as Duncan Duncanson knew to his cost. His had been the good seed sown among the abundance of thorns. These two, thorns and wheat, grew up together into a deadly crop, and together were cut down in that terrible day of reckoning when the presbytery of Pitscottie solemnly deposed Duncan Duncanson, sometime minister of the parish of Shaws, from the office of the ministry of the Kirk of Scotland.

Then the presbytery of that day adjourned to the Gordon Arms to wash down their presbyterial dinner with plentiful jorums of toddy, and Duncan Duncanson sat for the last time in his study in the manse of the Shaws, sipping and filling the demon bottle which he carried like a familiar spirit in his black bag. This was his Day of Judgment; and the hopes of his youth, the aspirations of his middle life, the forecasts of a quiet age, were all consumed in the flaming wrath of it. This was all because the Reverend Duncan Duncanson had fallen down one Sabbath day at the front door of the Shaws manse. There were those in the presbytery who had often fallen down at their back doors, but then this made a great difference, and they all prayed fervently for the great sinner and backslider who had slidden at his front door in the sight of men. The moderator, who in the presbytery had called Duncan everything that he could lay his tongue to, reflected as he drove home that he had let him off far too easily. Then he stooped down and felt in the box of his gig if the two-gallon "greybeard" from the Gordon Arms were sitting safely on its own bottom. So much responsibility made him nervous on a rough road.

Duncan Duncanson, no longer Reverend, at once returned to his native village to the house of his father and mother, the daily cause and witness of their gray hairs whitening to the winter of the grave. They had a little house of their own, and it had not taken all their slender store to put their lad through college; for, save in the matter of the black bag and its inmate, Duncan Duncanson was neither spendthrift nor prodigal. Before he left the Shaws he was to have been married to the daughter of the neighboring minister, but in the wild upheaval of that earthquake shock she obediently gave Duncan up as soon as the parish had given him up; and in time married a wealthy farmer who did not come sober home from market for twenty years.

In his own village Duncan was looked upon with an odd kind of respect. He was thought to have been led astray, though this was not the case—the devil, together with the weak chin and unstable eye, having been leading enough. He was looked on as "byordnar' clever," "a dungeon o' learnin'." So, after some years, when the parochial school fell vacant, the minister who had baptized him, and who had helped him lamely with his rusty scraps of Latin and Greek (Latin as far as "Omnis Gallia"—Greek, the alphabet merely), put Duncan into the school, sure that he would teach the children well and conscientiously, and hopeful that he might ultimately be led to reform; for ministers are sanguine men, at least all who do any good among other men.

And the new schoolmaster had indeed done his duty, though with abundance of the rod and some detriment to his own temper and the cuticle of his pupils. But no such scholars went up from three counties as those who matriculated straight from the hedge-school of the parish of Dullarg during the reign of the deposed minister of the Shaws. By and by Duncan picked up other little bits of patronage—the precentorship, as a matter of course, the inspectorship of poor, and ultimately the registrarship of births, deaths, and marriages. In the Dullarg it is a saying that we "keep oor ain fish-guts for oor ain sea-maws." This is not an expression common in the higher circles, but the thing itself is common enough there. Duncan married a village girl, who had made him a good wife during her short life, but had not been able to master the bottle-imp. She had left him one daughter, our imperious beauty of the yellow locks.

But we have gone afield from our school. The whole building, a long narrow barn, built of rough ashlar-work with many small windows, never all whole at once, was sleepily droning with the morning lessons. Flora Duncanson, within a yard of her father, was making paper arrows to throw at Andrew Tait, the son of the wealthy farmer who had married Duncan Duncanson's old sweetheart. Andrew was a long-limbed lad, known as "the fathom o' pump-water." He was shy and thoughtful, prone to moon in corners, a lad in whom could be perceived no tincture of the bucolic clumsiness of the one parent or the faded and selfish gentility of the other. He liked to be teased by Flora Duncanson, for it gave him an opportunity of looking at her hair. He had never heard of Rossetti, but he said in his heart, "Her hair that lay along her back was yellow like ripe corn!"

The ex-minister sat at his high desk, and the hum of the school acted soothingly upon his unsteady nerves. A vision began to assert itself of something that he knew to be on one shelf of his private cupboard in the little dominie's house adjoining the school. Without a word he rose and stepped out. Before he could get round the school, Flora was out and after him. Thereupon the school resolved itself into a pandemonium, and Andrew the smith, shoeing his horses in the old "smiddy" at the foot of the lane, said to his apprentice, "The dominie'll be oot to wat his thrapple. Oor Wull will be keepin' the schule the noo!" "Wull" was a good-natured clever elder boy who was supposed to take charge of the school in the absence of the dominie. This he did usually by stopping the promiscuous fighting and scuffling which went on all round the school and organizing a stated and official combat in the middle of the floor between a pair of well-matched urchins. "Let all things be done decently and in order" was Wull's motto.

In the height of the turmoil a great brown head presented itself at the door. It was the head of big red "Trusty," the half-collie half-St. Bernard which sometimes accompanied Andrew Tait to the school, and played about outside till that youth got free of his bondage, when the pair went joyously homewards.

No sooner was he spied than fifty voices invited him to enter. He came in, nothing loth, and crouched beneath the desk which stood against the wall by the window where sat his master with some bosom cronies. There he was lying concealed by a rampart of legs and slates when the master entered, with an angry frown on his brow, and his hat jammed over his forehead in a way that boded no good to the school. "It's gaun to be a lickin' day," said Andrew Tait, with an air of grim foreboding. All was quiet in a moment, for the fear of Duncan Duncanson with the black dog on his back was heavy on every young heart. Duncan was a good and a kindly man, and would go anywhere to help a neighbor in trouble, but he was undoubtedly savage in his cups. The imp of the black bag was in possession.

The boys trembled, but the great red dog lay quiet as pussy with his immense faithful head pillowed on his master's knees. The dominie went to his desk, and as nothing seemed to come of his ill humor, the school gradually returned to its condition of lazy inattention. Fred Graham, the boy next to Andrew Tait, whispered, "Let me stroke the doggie's heid."

"What'll ye gie's?" promptly replied Andrew, with the truly boyish commercial spirit.

"A peerie," said his friend.

"An' the string?" added Andrew, who had a corner in dogs and could force the market. So for five minutes the big head was transferred to Fred Graham's knee, and the stroking performed to the satisfaction of all parties. Then the next chance had been for some time disposed of to young Sanny M'Quhirr, of Drumquhat, who, being a farmer's son, would never have thought of stroking a dog save in school, for the laudable purpose of killing time and doing what was forbidden.

School currency was changing hands and finding its way into Andrew Tait's pockets at a great rate. The various claimants for next turn were so clamorous that they created some little disturbance, so that the master, seeing

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a cluster of heads together, noiselessly opened the lid of his desk and sent the "taws" whirling down into their midst with hearty good will. They took Fred Graham round the neck, and he at once rose to receive his "pawmies," the price of his general amusements. He had not been the guilty person, but he hardly denied it even *pro formâ*, so accustomed were they in that school to the Spartan code that the sin lay, not in the action, but in the stupidity of being found out.

Through the gap formed by the absence of Fred on his melancholy errand, a gap like that made by the drawing of a tooth, the master saw the orange skin and solemn eyes of "Trusty Tait," boys' dog to the parish school of Nether Dullarg.

His wrath turned instantly on Trusty and his owner, and his resentment burned with a sullen, exaggerated fury. He imagined that the animal had been brought into the school in order directly to insult him.

"Who brought that dog in here?" he asked.

"Please, sir, he juist cam'," said Andrew Tait.

"Put him out instantly!" he commanded.

"Please, sir, he'll no' gang."

The dominie then went for the poker and approached the big dog, whose eyes began to shine with a yellow light curiously different from that which had been in them when the boys were stroking his shaggy coat. But he lay motionless as though cut in stone, nothing living about him except those slumberous eyes with the red spark flaming at the bottom of them. His great tail lay along the floor, of the thickness of a boy's arm, with which it was his wont to beat the floor as a thresher beats his sheaves at the approach of his master. "Trusty Tait's" dignity lay in his tail. His tenderest feelings had their abode there. By means of it he communicated his sentiments, belligerent or amicable. When his master appeared in the distance, he wagged it ponderously; when a canine friend hove in sight, it waved triumphantly; at the sight of a gypsy or a tramp it grew oratory with the expressiveness of its resentment. As the dominie approached with his weapon of warfare, Andrew Tait drew the iron shod of his clog, which he would have called his "cakkar," across Trusty's tail. The dog instantly half rose on his fore paws, showing a seam of teeth like a row of danger-signals, and gave vent to a thunderous subterranean growl, which so intimidated the master that he turned his anger on the victim who promised less resistance. He dragged Andrew Tait by the collar of his jacket into the middle of the floor, and, forgetting in his beclouded condition what he held in his hand, he struck him once across the head with the heavy iron poker, stretching him senseless on the ground. The whole school rose to its feet with a dull, confused moan of horror, but before any one could move, Trusty had the dominie by the throat, threw him backwards over a form, and now stood guard, growling with short, blood-curdling snorts, over the prostrate form of his young master. Through the open door Flora Duncanson came flying, for the noise had told her even in the cottage that something unusual was happening.

"Go home at once!" she called to the children, and though there were many there older than she, without a murmur they filed outside—remaining, however, in whispering, awestruck groups at the foot of the playground.

"Go home, father, this moment!" she said to her father, who had gathered himself together, and now stood shaking and uncertain like one awakened from a dream, groping stupidly with his hands. The old man turned and went heavily away at his daughter's word. He even thought of asking her for the key of the cupboard, the strife for the possession of which had been the beginning of his black humor; but a moment's thought convinced him of the hopelessness of the request. "But I would be muckle the better o't!" he said, and sighed—perhaps for a moment conscious of how much the worse he had been of it.

Flora Duncanson stood over the senseless body of Andrew Tait. Trusty was licking the face. A thin streak of blood stole from under the hair and down the brow. The dog growled as the girl approached, but ultimately allowed her to come to the lad's side.

"Oh, Andra, Andra!" she said, the salt water running silently down her cheeks.

The boy slowly opened his eyes, looked at the dog once more, and then fixedly at Flora Duncanson. He always liked to look at her hair, but he had never noticed till now how beautiful her eyes were. He could not think what it was they reminded him of—something he had seen in a dream, he thought.

"Dinna greet, Flora," he said. "I'll tell my father that I fell, an' I'll lick ony boy in the schule that says I didna! Oh, Flora, but yer e'en are terrible bonny!"

. . . . . .

This is all a very old story in the Dullarg now, and Trusty is a Nestor among dogs. He spends all his fine afternoons on a broomy knowe by himself, for what with puppies and bairns the farm is not the quiet place that it used to be when he was young. Trusty overlooks a wide prospect were his faithful dim eyes able to see, but as it is he devotes himself chiefly to the flies which settle upon his nose. Over there on the slope glimmer in the haze the white stones in the churchyard. Trusty never was much of a scholar, in spite of so long frequenting the village academy, but had he been able to read he might have found this inscription on a granite tombstone down in the old kirkyard by the Dee water:

Sacred to the Memory
OF
DUNCAN DUNCANSON,
AGED 71 YEARS, SOMETIME
MINISTER OF THE PARISH OF SHAWS,
FOR THIRTY YEARS SCHOOLMASTER IN THIS PARISH,
ERECTED BY HIS AFFECTIONATE CHILDREN,
ANDREW AND FLORA TAIT.
"TO WHOM LITTLE IS FORGIVEN, THE SAME
LOVETH LITTLE."

A Summer Day's Observations

By John Burroughs

As Interviewed by Clifton Johnson

In Two Parts—II.

"Children get too much coddling nowadays. I think, in particular, all the wealthy people make the mistake of overdoing. The children of the well-to-do have such a multiplicity of things bought for their amusement; they are surfeited by them. I know boys who, it seems to me, are being altogether spoiled by their parents' mistaken care and kindness. If they were in my charge, they should be brought right down to first principles. They should have no guns, no bicycles; they should eat plain food and sleep on a hard bed at night, and be given plenty of farm-work. The desire is so strong among people to develop their children that they lose sight of the virtues of simplicity.

"I'm dreadfully afraid that all this catering to children in literature is unhealthy. They have too much. There are books by the hundred written especially for them every year. It is better to have few books than many. I would try to avoid exciting, stimulating, and unnatural stories. Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast' is a book of the right sort. It's good for any boy who's not spoilt. It's written by a man who's not thinking about style; you feel the faithfulness of the man; he wants to tell you just how this thing was to him.

"You can't expect a child to have the same kind of feeling about nature that is possible to a grown-up person. A boy hasn't much sentiment. He's full of sap and activity. There's no ruin there, no scars, no regrets.

"The cruelty of the boy is something wonderful. He will kill birds, murder all sorts of creatures, without a pang. When I was a boy I had the common cruelty of boys. I get more tender-hearted as I grow older. I may come to the point where I can't even chop off the head of a chicken. Once I never saw a chipmunk but that I threw a stone at him. Now, when I see one, I always want to salute him, and say, 'Good-morning! come home with me and I'll give you a kernel of corn.'

"Children are mostly unthinking in their cruelty. They

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have sympathies that can be aroused. When my boy was a little fellow, three or four years old, I used to go to a neighbor's in the early morning every day for milk. On one occasion I brought the boy a handful of nuts and told him how I picked them up on the ground under a tree where a red squirrel sat up on a limb and scolded me all the time. When I told how badly the squirrel felt over my carrying off his nuts, the boy was as much incensed as if I'd been stealing. He threw away all the nuts in his hand and said: 'I won't have one of them.'

"There's a good deal of fancy and feigning and make-believe about children. They have the same strongly developed trait there was in the pre-Adamite man for endowing things with life. I feel it myself. If my hat blows away, I feel like jumping on it and punishing it. I remember how an uncle of mine was taking the honey out of a hive once, when a bee stung him. He was so angry he didn't stop to think, and kicked the hive clear across the yard. That was instinct. There was no sense in it. You might think the bees would all attack him then, but they didn't. If you have to do with bees, you're safe as soon as you break the comb and set the honey running. They lose their wits then. They all gather on the wasting honey and load themselves with it. Their greed is like that of the miser whose house burns. 'Oh, I must have this gold!' he says, and he grabs up all he can carry of it. If I'm going to cut a bee-tree, I cut vigorously till I get a little of the honey flowing. Then the bees are demoralized. I've never been stung once, and I've cut down a bee-tree a dozen times. The man that stands around the edges is the one that gets stung. A bee comes buzzing around him, and he dodges and hits at it, and the bee stings him as soon as he gets a fair crack at him.

"You know it's so with other things. If you find an ugly dog in your path, walk right up to him. Then the dog says: 'Well, this man must have business here.' The man that edges off and looks for the people of the house gets bit.

"I don't know that a bold front would be very effective with a mad bull, though. I had quite a reputation as a boy for expertness in throwing stones. One day I saw a bull bellowing at me from a field, and I said: 'That bull and I are going to have this thing out.' I selected a lot of pebbles of the right size and got over into the field; but I took care not to get too far from the stone wall. My first shot took the bull on the tip of one of his horns, just where I intended it should. It's a very sensitive spot. You could see him cringe. Oh, how that hurt! I threw four times, and every shot told, but the bull didn't give in. I knew if those weren't enough for him he was going to have the best of it, and I edged along to the stone wall and skipped over. Then the bull came up and snorted and pawed up the earth and showed how he'd make mince-meat of me if I came over there.

"A sheep you can manage very well. When a buck comes for you, just step one side and grab him by his fleece. We had a buck on my father's farm that was always charging us. He'd put his head down and come for me like a catapult. 'Twould have knocked me into the middle of next week if I had been hit. But I'd always step one side, get a grip on his wool, jump on his back, and ride him all around the pasture; or I'd catch him by the legs, trip him up—anything. He didn't get any wiser by it, though. He got uglier, and I had to stop.

"We had a great country farm, bending over a big hill. There were three hundred acres to care for. The fields were very smooth and steep. We had cows and a flock of sheep, and much of the care of these creatures fell on me. If I made any complaint, father would say, 'Yes, it's "Come, John," and it's "Go, John." John is dog, fence, and pastur.'

"I believe it's a good thing for a boy to have work, and plenty of it. If leisure and play fill his day, his pleasure, after all, is pale. It's like living on pie. If a boy does that, he doesn't relish his bread and meat; nor the pie either, in a little while. Yes, work is a mighty good thing for a boy. It makes everything about him sweet—the water, air, elements. Mental work alone isn't enough. He must be taught to do things with his hands. My boy can knit a shad-net, go out in his boat and cast it, pick it up, take out the shad—everything—eat them, too. He can row a boat with a great deal more skill than I can.

"You remember those orchids I showed you at the house this morning? I don't let people know where they grow. They would pull up every one in a single season, and there would be an end to the matter. It's a variety that is uncommonly rare and beautiful, and it's very pretty to see them blooming there, in the dense growth of ferns, weeds, and poison sumac. If the children could be guarded against this greediness that would exterminate all our wild flowers, it would be a decidedly good thing. But their habit is, if they come across a thing they fancy, to grub it right up, all there is in sight, or till their hands are full. They seem to like bright color. If they get the flower, they think that's enough. They'll pick ten thousand blossoms, and have not a green leaf among them. The habit of purposeless or careless destruction is a bad one. It is barbarism to deface a beautiful page of nature.

"I find it dreadful hard work to cut down a tree. You can undo the work of a century in five minutes. I agonize over the necessity of it for days and weeks. You see that stump right there? I was two years cutting down that tree, though all the time it was hurting the view and spoiling one corner of my vineyard. I wouldn't spare that clump of trees down the path, half-way to the river, for anything in the world. I like its motion; it's an object to look at, and it attracts the birds.

"The cruelty of children is representative of the early instincts of the race. It's an outcropping of the traits of their remote ancestors. It's just the same as it is with some of the young birds which have speckled breasts because their ancestors had. This cruelty is a survival of the early struggle of the race, when man had to kill. The boy seems to take a savage glee in destruction. I did things myself as a boy that would almost make your hair stand on end to hear of. Once I threw a stone and killed a bird. There was this live thing on the fence with wings. 'I didn't think I'd hit it,' I said, and I was filled with remorse.

"The boy is a savage, too, in his love of noise. He likes to make discordant sounds. It doesn't disturb his sense of harmony, no matter how harsh and violent the sound is. There was one while when the boys where I lived would take oyster-cans or something of the sort and tie them with a string to a stick and whirl them around their heads and make the most horrible noise you can imagine. Finally the people complained to the police and had it suppressed. No one else could stand it, but the boys gloated over it. As the boy grows older he gets humanized and educated, and the savagery wears off. Still, I don't know that we've always got to wait until it wears off. A right feeling about things can be awakened earlier, no doubt, if one is judicious.

"I wish some one would start a crusade against noise. We shall have it in time. The Peter the Hermit who's to call us out will appear presently, and then the ear will be respected as well as the nose. I live here between two railroads. There's the West Shore over the hill behind us, and the New York Central at the water's edge just across the river. The screeching of the engines on clear days is enough to drive one crazy. There's one train over there that always stops and sends a brakeman on ahead to turn a switch. Then the engine blows three toots that are calculated to startle the invalids for two miles around. It's a great bungling sheaf of sound, full of spears and prickles. What's the use of all that sound? They'd better tie their brakeman with a string—have a rope around his neck and pull him in—any way but to blow that whistle. Why should our ears be assaulted with hideous noises any more than our noses with bad smells? There's one steamer on the river that goes up at night that has a whistle with a wild musical strain like the voice of a wild goose. When I hear it, I wish it would keep on blowing an hour. Why can't all our whistles be musical and sweet? A pure sound will go further than an impure one, any time.

"If such a man as Vanderbilt would only inaugurate the

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reform, the rest of the world would fall in line. It would make his road popular. They already try to keep the smoke out of the cars, but they continue to make enough noise to make the heavens come down on you. The time is approaching when we shall have a change, when car porters won't be allowed to slam the doors with noise enough to wake the dead, and when we won't stand the infernal racket of our cobble streets. But that will be when we get more civilized.

"The Americans are a very patient and long-suffering people. The English can give us points in this respect. I went to a reading when I was in London that was announced to begin at eight o'clock. The hour came and not the reader. The audience got uneasy at once, and within two minutes there were men on their feet wanting to know why the thing didn't start; and it began without further delay. An audience in this country would have sat half the evening waiting before it would have made a disturbance. The American hates to make a row.

"There's our telegraph monopoly, that needs attention. They have it all their own way, and take their own time about delivering. I usually find, when I send a message, that if I'd gone afoot and carried it in my hand 'twould have got there quicker.

"I think our American women tend more to simplicity than they once did. Yet it's remarkable how they run after fashion and befrizzle and bedeck themselves. There's a lack of seriousness as compared with the men. I went to a boys' school commencement the other day where there was a military parade. It was a beautiful sight. I was charmed with it. But when I glanced around to see what the rest of the people were doing, I found the women were mostly looking at each other's rigs. That's a little thing, perhaps, but it only takes a straw to show which way the wind blows.

"At the same time I think tight-lacing and paint and powder have had their day, and that there is not the fear there has been of a tanned face and hands, and of being seen doing outdoor work. I had a letter from a Vassar girl one year who wanted to come and work at grape-gathering. It was not so that I could take her, but she got a place near. She was a real worker, and she got tanned and strong, and an added store of health and vitality. She had been taught to run, and she could run like a deer, and gracefully too.

"Want of taste and simplicity is one of the curses of wealth. Poor people have to be, by necessity, comparatively quiet and homely. But let them make money and they get gaudy at once. It's astounding—the vulgarity of the rich. I suppose, when a rich man makes some country place his summer home, the people there rejoice. But if he comes, as they frequently do, just to display his wealth, he is a curse. What he should do is to show people that a rich man can live a simple, contented life. The worst thing he can do is to build one of these million-dollar houses. If he'd repent when he gets it done, and sees it there cumbering the earth, and would blow it up with dynamite, he'd show some sense. But he doesn't; and there it must stand for scores of years, to corrupt the taste of everybody, and very likely be a burden to those who come after him. How any one can want to live in marble halls and be passing up marble stairways all his life is a mystery.

"The vulgarity of wealth should be sat down on in this country as often and as hard as one can. If you built a house that reached to the moon, you could only live in it, eat in it, sleep in it. All those who get sudden wealth seem to feel as if to build a house like a lord was to make them lords. But the result is simply a monument to their own lack of taste. Wealth should be used more for the common good—to make two blades of grass grow where only one grows now, to bring to the masses more comfort and refinement.

"It seems to me strange, the antagonism many of our writers, especially the younger men, feel toward Mr. Howells. I think, in his views of literature, he is unimpeachable. The artist must be true, the first thing he does. He must make the thing like, to begin with—then he can give his imagination rein. If you have a feeling about anything, let us have it. You may not be an artist, and your work will fail on that account; but, however that is, it's only your own impressions that have any value. Talk about the ancients! Why should we pattern after them? They painted things as they knew and saw them. They produced themselves. They looked inward, not outward. That's why their work had power. They didn't go tagging after some bygone civilization. Neither should we.

"In the first place, a book must be real; and there should be a charm, besides, that comes from the personality of the writer. An artist must have an atmosphere of his own that bathes the scene he describes. This must come from the artist—his individuality. I've just finished reading Mr. Howells's 'The World of Chance.' The reality of it is astonishing. I could smell New York. I could hear the rattle of the streets. There were just such people in the book as I see on the elevated trains. But he doesn't make me care for them. I wish we had more of Mr. Howells there. He can afford to give himself to his readers much more freely than he does in his novels. I love him a good deal more after reading that New England sketch of his recollections in 'Harper's.'

"I wish Howells would come out here to live. I think he might if it wasn't so far from New York. He's fond of the country. See that colony of canal-boats in tow behind that tug down on the river. There's families living on board them; you can see the washing flying. If Howells lived here he would use that life in some way. What a pretty romance a man with his delicate perceptions could make out of it!

"If one doesn't look out in these days he gets snowed under—completely clogged—with periodic literature. It seems made for people who have an idle hour, and people are getting so they do no serious reading. There will have to come a great reform in our newspapers. They will be much more compact, and will publish news and nothing else. We shall be given less gossip and be spared that same old story with details day after day of how 'John Smith eloped with Mary Ann.' The editorials won't be so long-winded, nor have such an air of infallibility. What do newspaper editorials amount to, anyway? Oftener than not they are written by men of no real convictions, but who are paid to have opinions on that particular subject. We've gone through the juvenile stage of flatulency and gas. It's as if a man's tongue had grown till it hung to the ground and wagged all the time. He'd better get it back in his mouth. He wants to learn to see a thing as it is and state it as it is.

"Recently I had a letter from a man in my native town that inquired for the titles of my books and their prices. I have letters from all over the country, and there are places in the West where they have 'Burroughs Days,' but that's the first sign of interest in my writing that ever reached me from my native village. It was a great while before my neighbors here knew I wrote books. They saw me go around with my big shoes and rough clothes, and never suspected it. The fact is, the people in this State read nothing but dime novels and the Sunday paper. We have no real readers. The moment you strike New England you strike a different atmosphere. The people are alert; they discuss, they have literary clubs. They have a great capacity in the West for reading and devouring things. I get letters a great deal more from the West than from the East. There's new blood out there, that's going to be heard from, I tell you. They have more sky-room, a new environment, and they are destined to be an improved New England in scope, liberality, and enthusiasm.

"I don't feel as if there was anything we could be very dogmatic about. If you observe closely, you find you know so little and you find such contradictions! Storms in the southern hemisphere whirl in the direction taken by the hands of a watch. In the northern hemisphere they take the opposite direction. Well, I notice the little whirlwinds we have, and they whirl just as the storms do. Then I notice the bean and the bittersweet and numbers of other vines, and I find they climb in a right-to-left spiral that corresponds to the storm motion, too; and I think I've

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discovered a general law. Then I find that the hop goes the other way, and so does the wild buckwheat, and you can't make them do any different.

"We know how much children in the same family will differ. There were nine children in our family, and I was an odd one among them. When we had visitors, they'd get to asking the children's names and ages, and when they came to me they'd say to the folks: 'That ain't your boy, is it?' I used to feel as cheap! Well, I wasn't like the others. I was different, and always have been—not better, only different.

"I remember a traveling phrenologist or mountebank came along one day, and he fingered my head and said, 'This boy is going to be rich.' I suppose he knew that was what the people would like to hear; yet he wasn't so far out as he might have been, for if he'd gone to the next house he'd have found Jay Gould. Gould and I sat near each other at school, and we were quite chums. He was a small, wiry fellow, aristocratic in his feelings, and not inclined to mix much with other boys. He easily stood at the head in his studies. At one time there was a boy came from another town and inoculated the whole school with a mania for 'wrastling.' Jay and I used to 'wrastle.' He and I were about of an age, and were very evenly matched. We'd 'wrastle' by the hour, till we'd pant like dogs. I was a little more muscular, and had the most science. But Jay had infinite wind and endurance. He was like a boy made of india-rubber and steel; you'd think you had him down when you hadn't, and then you'd find him on top. He wasn't particular about rules. The one point with Jay was to get on top.

"A person is not religious just because he has a definite scheme of theology. He may have that, and not feeling. The lover of nature, of the good and beautiful, is the truly religious man, and you find such in every church and outside of any church. I have no patience with these people who know all about God and his plans—as Arnold says, 'speak of God as if he lived around the corner, where they interviewed him daily.'

"It doesn't make you religious simply to have a definite notion about heaven and hell. I think Renan's was a truly religious nature. Smite him on one cheek and he would turn to you the other. Take away his coat and he would give you his waistcoat. He wouldn't return evil for evil. That's the true test of a Christian. If you can't return good for evil, it's a mockery to call yourself a Christian. To give a soft answer when we have received a wrathful one is the most difficult thing in the world.

"The preacher says, 'Trust in Christ; follow him: come to the baptismal fountain.' It's the Christ within us we should trust; it's the voice of conscience we should follow; it's the love of truth, the doing to others as we would be done by, that we should aspire to. That's Christ. Religion is a life—a feeling. Christ himself exemplified that.

"It's curious what disgusting beliefs are associated with beautiful lives. I've been reading Miss Merriam's 'My Summer in a Mormon Village.' All the glimpses you get of the Mormon women in this book appeal to you. The men seem more selfish—like hogs. I said all through the book as I read, 'How sweet and good and human this book is!' One of her characters she calls 'A mother in Israel,' and rightly too. This mother in Israel really believed in the revelations of Joseph Smith—and a most religious woman she was. Life counts for so much more than the creed!

"When you look back on the history of humanity, think how we've been blundering along, sometimes knee-deep in blood! The babe that might be the savior of his race has the smallpox or whooping-cough, and dies just as quickly as the most worthless. In nature the struggle for place and life is unending. That maple there will drop a hundred thousand seeds to one that will ever grow to a tree. Accident and destruction and death are nothing to Nature. She has infinite time to perfect her ends. What Nature's ends or God's ends are I often have but a faint idea. Our preachers seem, most of them, much too sure and much too ready with their explanations of these things. Some eminent Englishman once said he wished he was as sure of anything as Lord Macaulay was of everything. I feel the same way about the preachers.

"It's always in order to preach the gospel of beauty in the commonplace. Look about your own place and find heaven in that. There's the grand and beautiful there if you have the eyes for them. We musn't expect the extraordinary—a miracle. We should look at our feet. We gaze at the stars—we forget we are on a star."

A New Branch of the National Civil Service

By James H. Canfield

Chancellor of the University of Nebraska

During the first week in July I had the honor to draft and forward to a friend in Congress a suggestion for a new branch of the National Civil Service. The pressure of business at Washington rendered it quite impossible to give this proposition as much attention as it might otherwise have received; and we both felt that it would be better to place it before the public for general discussion before bringing it into legislative halls. Very briefly, then, it is outlined for the columns of this journal.

There is a constant and wise tendency to throw around public service of any kind the sanctions and restrictions and general supervision of State or National authority. The examination and licensing of steam engineers under city ordinances; the regulations of the pilot service; the statutes governing the enlistment and service of seamen; the care with which the States protect the public in the matter of the practice of medicine and the dispensing of remedies; even the examination and licensing of members of the bar and of teachers, are all illustrations of this principle.

Following this, it is proposed to establish a United States Railway Service. Those enlisted in this service should include at least engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen, and switchmen. The conditions of enlistment, the term of service, the methods of withdrawal, the compensation of the members of each class, the mileage or hours that shall constitute a day's service, the conditions of overwork and overpay, the exact responsibility of employers for injury to the employees, the methods of possible pensioning—all these details should be determined by by the general Government and be constituent parts of the general plan. Then it should be made unlawful for any transportation company to employ others than enlisted men; and these should be employed, of course, under the conditions prescribed.

To those who have had any acquaintance with either Government service or that of any great system of transportation, the details of such an organization are not at all formidable. The Government assumes no financial responsibility whatever. It may very properly make provision, however, that the pay of members of this service shall constitute a preferred claim against the corporations employing. It would not be at all difficult to enlist in this service all the men that would be needed, as they are already in the employ of the various railroads. Care should be taken to enlist none but the best of men. There would be very little difficulty as to a scheme of wages, since wages on the various railway lines do not differ much at present, service considered. With such a service there would be no more danger of serious complaint or of strikes than there is now in the mail service.

Such a service, under such regulation and supervision, is needed, if for no other purpose than to make absolutely certain the transportation of the mails. But it is just as much needed to make travel safe, and to preserve life at great centers where the daily supplies must be regularly received. More and more does the entire commercial and even physical life of the Nation depend upon regularity and efficiency in transportation. Because of inter-State relations, the care of this cannot be given to the States. National superintendence is all that is left us.

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The Home

Private—To Some Women

This is one of the occasions when it would be delightful to have private telephonic communication with the ear of all offending women. None others are expected to read and apply the following.

Don't wait until you get in front of the ticket-seller's window before you get the money ready for your ticket, especially if on the "L" road.

Don't take the ticket-seller into your confidence, if you are buying a railroad ticket, while you explain to him why you want it, and keep a line of people waiting behind you who know where they are going, have their money ready, and are only waiting for you to move out of the way to buy their tickets and go about their business. Don't go a week in advance of the time you want to start, and keep a line of people waiting, when your business is simply to inquire the price of the ticket and get a time-table.

Don't talk to your dearest friend on the corner directly opposite the cross-walk; step one side—she can hear you just as well; other people will not be made uncomfortable if you do not block the way.

Don't stand at the end of a table in a restaurant waiting for those occupying the seats to leave; and, above all, don't follow the example of a group of three who did this recently in one of the best and most popular restaurants in New York, one of them having the audacity to say, "I should think people would hurry up when they see other people waiting."

Don't wear a big hat to a lecture, the theater, or the opera.

Don't talk during the performance of the programme. This applies equally well to some women's behavior in church. Recently a woman of social position in the community in which she lived made herself ridiculous by talking through the prelude of the hymn, singing at the top of her voice during the singing of each verse, and picking up her monologue, which she poured into the ears of her friend, between the verses.

Don't sit down in the end seat and compel everybody to pass you. This applies where there are no reserved seats. Move up to the inner end of the seat.

Don't forget, when traveling with your children, that your manners are their pattern for future behavior, and that in so far as you represent unselfishness and courtesy, they will also when they grow older.

Don't take the goods out of another shopper's hands while she is examining them, even at a bargain counter.

Don't wear expensive rings on ungloved hands at unsuitable times, and, above all things, don't wear expensive rings on hands that show a lack of care.

Don't mistake supercilious manners for dignified manners, nor miscall snobbishness by calling it exclusiveness; nor think that expensive clothes can cover up, conceal, or excuse carelessness in the care of the body or of the soul.

A Question and Answer

She stood in the open doorway, greatly interested because some one was passing. It was an event. Her cordial smile made conversation easy. No sooner had it begun than children of all ages and sizes began to appear from the back of the house, from the barn, from the wood below the house. They looked almost like spirits of the woods—face, hair, eyelashes, and clothes were all the same color.

"How many children have you?" was asked.

"Five young ones, three little ones, and him," was the response.

"Him" was a freckled, round-faced, barefoot boy of thirteen, the eldest. The look of pride the mother cast on the little flock invested them with a new beauty.

The Woman's College of Baltimore[1]

By Celeste W. Herrick

The Woman's College of Baltimore, founded in 1885 by the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was opened to students in September of 1888. While its discipline is in harmony with the views of Methodism, the College is in no other sense sectarian. Instructors are chosen for their ability, without regard to church relations. Students of every faith are received. No attempt is made to proselyte them, but the study of the Old and New Testaments and daily attendance at chapel are required of all students. Residents of the College Home are required to attend the Sunday morning service of the church selected by parents or guardians, or by themselves with the approval of the President.

The College Home, provided for the convenience and protection of students who may wish to avail themselves of it, has been planned with careful attention to social and hygienic requirements. A cultivated Christian woman presides in the Home as lady in charge, and an experienced housekeeper supervises the details of management. A trained nurse lives in the Home. Her services are at the command of any student who may need them. She also maintains a general oversight of hygienic matters respecting both the Home and the habits of the students.

Large personal freedom is allowed student residents of the Home, yet there are certain restrictions. "No resident of the Home is permitted to attend the theater, opera, or dancing-parties, or to use wines or play cards, while she is in residence."

The charge for residence is two hundred dollars for the college year, exclusive of vacations. This includes the washing of one dozen pieces per week. Students who remain during the holidays are charged at the rate of six dollars per week. Rooms are engaged by the year.

The general tuition fee is one hundred dollars per annum, not including art or music. Fifty per cent. of the general tuition fee will be remitted to the daughters of clergymen, and, under certain circumstances, to students who are preparing for missionary work.

The course of study is arranged for the purpose of laying a foundation of liberal culture, and of securing symmetrical intellectual development rather than early specialization, although the desirableness and even necessity of subsequent specialization are not ignored.

Opportunity is given students to follow special lines of work without taking the degree, but students are urged to take the regular course leading to the Bachelor's degree—the only one offered by the College upon graduation.

The course consists of a combination of elective and required work. In the first year alternatives are offered, but no electives proper are permitted.

The "group system," first developed in the Johns Hopkins University, has been adopted, with a view to correcting some defects incident to the elective system. The "group system" prescribes certain studies for all students, and, instead of permitting freedom of choice among miscellaneous elective studies, requires the selection of one out of several groups of subjects, in each of which the studies are related—on the general principle that it is better to know much about a few subjects than a little about many subjects.

Candidates for the degree must take somewhat more

[1] Articles in this series will be found in The Outlook of June 23, July 7, July 28, August 4, August 18, September 1, and September 15, on Bryn Mawr, Women at Chicago University, Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, Mount Holyoke, and Barnard, respectively.

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than twelve courses, each of five hours a week throughout the college year.

Four years is the time generally allotted in which to prepare for the baccalaureate degree, but in some cases, for adequate reasons, either a shorter or longer time is allowed. For students who desire to combine the study of music or art with the courses that lead to a degree, a modified plan of studies is arranged, by means of which they are enabled to take their degree in five years.

All students are required to take a course in physical training, three hours a week, during their connection with the College, on the ground that physical health is as essential to happiness and usefulness as intellectual culture.

Candidates for a degree are also obliged to take a course in voice-training.

The requirements for matriculation, the college curriculum, etc., are given at length in the prospectus of the College.

The Æsthetics of Wood-Alcohol

By Mary Willis

A little valley, nestling among hills so that one looks into it as though from an exaggerated punch-bowl, lies in one of the most beautiful regions of central New York. Forty years ago this region was a wilderness of hemlock, maple, oak, spruce, and pine; wild pigeons flew unmolested through its vast acreage of untrammeled forest, threaded only by trout-brooks, whose beauty arouses the enthusiasm not only of the fisherman but of the lover of nature. Into this wilderness there came, forty years ago, a firm of tanners, who turned its woodland beauties to commercial purposes. A tannery was built, surrounded by workmen's houses; corduroy roads were opened, and where naught had been heard but the babbling of brooks, the fluttering of pigeon wings, the breaking of twigs as the deer swept through, there came the rumbling of heavy wagons, the crack of the woodman's ax, the clashing of trees as one fell among its fellows, and the smoke of a tannery. Thirty years exhausted the hemlock, and the denuded hills about told the story of devastation. Quiet settled again over the valley, the tannery fell to pieces, the workmen's houses stood ghosts that recalled to one the lines of the poet:

> Were it mine, I should close the shutters,
> Like the lids of a corpse when life is fled,
> And the funeral fire should burn it,
> This ghost of a home that is dead.

Long enough to have the woods overgrown with underbrush and grass, to have the fallen giants covered, by the kindly touch of nature, with beautiful moss, the country was undisturbed. When workmen again invaded it, the ruined though picturesque tannery disappeared, and in its place a building of sheet-iron was erected. The workmen's houses were cleared out, some remodeled, new ones built; and again with the revolving wheel of commerce came the woodman's ax; but this time there was no discrimination. Every tree in the marked section fell a victim to man's love of money, for a wood-alcohol factory had taken the place of the old tannery. The hills became perfectly bare, and stood skeletons; the stumps stood about over the hillsides gaunt and gray, in the twilight looking like their own gravestones. The woodland was bought up by thousands of acres to feed the monster that never knew idleness, night or day, for weeks at a time. The puff of steam, the blue column of smoke, and the penetrating odor of its product became a possession of the valley. Still the city dweller who loved nature had the courage to come into the valley—each year finding new hills denuded, leaving each fall with a last lingering look at some favorite hill, and wondering whether the spring would find it robbed of its giant growth of trees. Fishermen complained of lack of water. All over the hillsides could be traced the beds of brooks long since run dry. There was joy when the decree went forth from Washington a few weeks ago that spirits distilled from grain should be admitted to the country free, if used for art or mechanical purposes; and one morning the sojourners in the valley woke up to the fact that the fires had died out in the wood-alcohol factory.

A visit to the workingmen for a moment aroused sympathy, for they had been told that because of the tariff the business would not be resumed. Looking at a group of a dozen men with their families employed in this factory, one felt almost as though an injustice had been done; but when the eye rested on the hills near and far whose stony, barren sides had been robbed of all that made them beautiful, when one remembered that but a short time before the declaration had been made that there was just wood enough left standing to run the factory for thirty years, a feeling of gratitude to the Great Father at Washington went up, for now the few covered hills and the patches of woodland would be spared.

The life these workingmen lived is told in a few words. Wages were about $1.50 a day; not that when idle time is considered. A Baptist church stands not far from a group of workingmen's cottages, but the church has been pastorless for three years, with but small prospect at present that it will have a pastor even within the next three years. It is the only church within a radius of seven miles, except one standing on a far-away barren hill, now used only for funerals. About a mile from the workmen's cottages is a prosperous liquor-saloon, and its hold on the men of the valley is about as strong as is that of the owners of the trees which to-day stand in well-ripened maturity, in all the beauty of autumn coloring, on the hillsides. A school-house is about a quarter of a mile away, and an examination of the register shows that, whatever is valued in the valley, certainly education in the children is not. The houses are devoid of any attempt at ornamentation; they stand on either side of a perfectly barren road, without any line to mark ownership. No care for appearances or even for health is evident. When one stands on a hill and looks down at these groups of houses, with the memory of their interior barrenness, a knowledge of the mental limitations of the indwellers, one questions whether it would not be well that the little community should drift back into civilization, for at least the children would have their minds waked up, and some intelligence would be acquired by attrition. But this morning the shrill, penetrating whistle of the factory told the story that the trees would not be spared, that for thirty years they would fall, one by one, at the blow of the woodman's ax, and find their way to the Moloch that had robbed the valley of its beauty.

It was rather amusing, if such a thing could be amusing, to pick up some of the daily papers and hear their moans over the result to this one industry of the passage of the Tariff Bill. Millions of capital and one thousand men thrown out of employment, was the cry. When one realized that these one thousand men, with their families, lived in just such isolated communities, deprived of everything that goes to make up beauty in life, one wished for the brush of an Inness, for the pen of a Dickens, for the genius of a George Eliot, to tell the history of such a community.

A System of Education for Boys

This system was developed suddenly into words, and yet the author of it now realizes that it has been formulating slowly for a number of years, and that impatience was the pressure which completed it. The boy should be entered in a kindergarten at the age of three and a half years. His mother, during his three years' attendance in the kindergarten, should be a regular attendant at the mothers' class, making herself thoroughly familiar with the "Education of Man" and the "Mothers' Play-Book." She should be a graphic story-teller, and necessarily the companion of her boy and his little friends. At the expiration of his kindergarten experience he should pass into a school where there was a well-balanced system of intellectual and manual training, these to be continued together until his fifteenth year, when he should be entered in a boys' preparatory school that had been tested and found to meet the require-

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ments of entrance to the best universities. At eighteen he should be fitted for college. The next step is very important. A position should be found for him in a railroad office where passenger tickets are sold largely to women. Special effort should be made to find such an office. Here he should spend one year. At the end of that time, if he had escaped nervous prostration, he would have developed patience and endurance which would enable him to stand the severest training in college. He should then be entered in a university until he was fitted for whatever line of work he had chosen. Such a system could not fail to produce an educated man of patient temper, one who could read the human face and who would be able to meet all emergencies in life with an imperturbable and interested manner. Together they make an armor the world especially respects, and to which it assigns all the virtues.

From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

A friend sent me your paper of last week (August 25) and requested me to read the article "An Evident Need." I read the paper, and was surprised to learn that you, as well as some others, do not seem to know anything about our most worthy institution, The Brooklyn Training-School and Home for Young Girls, located at 336 and 338 Fourteenth Street, South Brooklyn. It was incorporated in April, 1889, and has cared for and protected nearly three hundred young girls, and already a number of these have become self-supporting. I send you a copy of our first (1890) and our last (1893) reports, which will give you some idea of the work. Unfortunately, we were not able financially to publish a report for this year at the usual time, although we may do so late this fall. At present we need more means and more workers to perfect the work. I am very willing to give "Mrs. G. T.," her friend, and your other correspondents, all the information they may desire concerning the work and its possibilities.

MRS. M. T. MAINE, President.

The Editors knew of the Brooklyn Training-School and Home for Young Girls, but always supposed that it was designed for girls who lived in Brooklyn, and not for the use of people throughout the State. We are very glad indeed to publish the letter of the President of the Board of Managers. Another correspondent writes of a Home located at 23 East Eleventh Street, New York City. Both institutions speak of lack of space and of money. No home located in a city can meet the needs of this class of girls. Outdoor life and exercise are absolutely necessary, and the necessary oversight could not be given in city streets. If either or both of these institutions could be removed outside of the city limits, and receive general support from the entire State, a step in the right direction would be accomplished.

In The Outlook of the issue of August 11, on page 210, an editorial, entitled "To Perplexed Mothers," appeared in reply to a correspondent, whose letter we published. The following letters refer to that editorial. Several other letters have been received protesting against the position taken in the editorial referred to. One of these we should be very glad to publish, but the writer forbids it.

Dear Outlook:

I do not agree with the remedy given in The Outlook for last week for the example given of child throwing his cap on the floor. The first wrong thing was the *direct command* from the mother. She should have said pleasantly, "Why, my dear, is that the place for your cap? Can't you find a better one?" or, "Do you think papa would do so?" A child's papa is, or should be, about as perfect an ideal of what should or should not be done as can be appealed to. Mothers are too quick to say, thoughtlessly, *do* this or that, when, if it were placed in the form of a request or a favor, the act desired would, in a large majority of cases, be promptly and willingly done. A fretful, whining child is an abomination, and its continuous "I don't want to" an entirely unnecessary evil. I have four well-behaved children, and do not speak from theory, but from knowledge. The starting-point in an attractive, well-mannered child is in the mother's thoughtfulness in guiding the precious treasure placed in her keeping.

A MOTHER.

My Dear "Perplexed Mother:"

I am a reader of The Outlook, and an admirer of its high standards and its straightforward applications. The fact of your asking it the advice which you do, proves your own respect for its judgment. May we meet on this common ground, and will you accept our mutual admiration for the paper as an excuse for my addressing you?

In this instance I do not wholly agree with the writer of the article in question, and, while I do not presume to question his wisdom, I should like to tell you some of the thoughts your letter suggested.

That there *is* a power that makes for righteousness is our certainty of the present and our hope of the future; but such power—like all God-power given for our help—must be developed by use. To many it would be a surprise, I think, to know how "reasonable" a child is, how exactly its ability to apply this power is proportionate to its understanding something about the power. It is in the happy, sunshiny hours of its life, then, that the child must be taught something of that power that will help it meet the "cyclone."

Take the little one on your knee some evening, when she is *happiest, lovingest*, in the gloaming, the cuddling-time, and tell her of her fit of temper in the morning, how it grieved your heart, and how a greater Heart still knows of it, and how such temper will wreck her life if indulged in. She is then in a reasonable mood to hear you talk of it, and no matter how young she may be, the language can be chosen to fit her baby mind. You may be surprised to find that for the first time she has some conception of the awfulness of this demon of ill temper. Make, then, some little compact with her, how you and she will try to overcome this demon next time, with the help of "the Power." I think this plan, persisted in, will yield far better results to both mother and child than punishment. The greatest Master the world has ever known taught his children by love, and not by inflicted penalty. All God's laws invariably inflict their own penalty in an attempt to break them; it is the law, and thus it is its own punishment; but God never imposes another. It is a far better lesson for the child to learn that an attempt to break a law brings such punishment, than to raise in its mind the antagonism which is sure to follow if an added penalty, and a foreign one, is introduced. There is no punishment so great as, there can be none greater than, that the law itself inflicts for our evading it; and when one considers that all God's laws are contained in his one law of Love, how far-reaching is the penalty of trying to break it!

I fancy I am a much older woman than you. In my early married life I used to think it was my duty to discipline my children. I now know God desires that we have *no duties*, and for discipline he has given love—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another even as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

If my letter seems intrusive, will you forgive it, for the sake of the Love? Truly your friend,

G. L. D.

Dear Outlook:

Would you kindly answer the two following questions, either in the columns of your valued paper or by letter:

1. Would you give a remedy for recession of the gums, which causes eventually, I believe, loosening of the teeth? I understand it has become prevalent within the past fifteen years, and that it is curable in the earlier stages.

2. Please state whether water contaminated by sewage can be made quite pure and fit for drinking by boiling, and if so, how long should it be boiled? X.

1. It would be impossible for The Outlook to give an answer to this question. A dentist should be consulted.

2. It has been said that water can be made perfectly pure by boiling; but why should it be necessary for any human being to take any risks by using drinking-water contaminated by sewage?

Dear Outlook:

Can some of the readers of the Home Department give the rule for a cake that is called in the baker-shops Cream Sponge? It should be close, yet moist and tender; not dry and full of holes. M. A. R.

The Vacation Fund

Received since January 1, 1894, and previously acknowledged,	$4,098 13
Proceeds of collection Sabbath service, Point of Woods, Chautauqua	8 07
Congregational Sunday-School, Plattsville, Conn.	7 93
A Country Friend, Greenville	2 00
C. C. G., Providence, R. I.	5 00
Total	$4,121 13

Please make all checks payable to The Outlook Company.

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Little Betty's Kitten Tells Her Story[1]

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

In Two Parts—I.

I am Betty's kitten—at least I was Betty's kitten once. That was more than a year ago. I am not a kitten now; I am a little cat, and I have grown serious, and think a great deal as I sit on the hearth-rug looking at the fire and blinking my eyes. I have so much to think about that I even stop to ponder things over when I am lapping my milk or washing my face. I am very careful about lapping my milk. I never upset the saucer. Betty told me I must not. She used to talk to me about it when she gave me my dinner. She said that only untidy kittens were careless. She liked to see me wash my face, too, so I am particular about that. It is always Betty I am thinking about when I sit on the rug and blink at the fire. Sometimes I feel so puzzled and so anxious that if her mamma or papa are sitting near I look up at them and say:

"Mee-*aiow?* *Mee*-aiow?"

But they do not seem to understand me as Betty did. Perhaps that is because they are grown-up people and she was a little girl. But one day her mamma said:

"It sounds almost as if she were asking a question.' I was asking a question. I was asking about Betty; I wanted to know when she was coming back.

I know where she came from, but I do not know where she is gone, or why she went. She usually told me things, but she did not tell me that. I never knew her to go away before. I wish she had taken me with her. I would have kept my face and paws very clean, and never have upset my milk.

I said I knew where she came from. She came from behind the white rose-bush before it began to bloom, and when it had nothing but glossy green leaves and tight little buds on it.

I saw her! My eyes had only been open about two weeks, and I was lying close to my mother in our bed under the porch that was round the house. It was a nice porch, with vines climbing over it, and I had been born under it. We were very comfortable there, but my mother was afraid of people. She was afraid lest they might come and look at us. She said I was so pretty that they would admire and take me away. That had happened to two or three of my brothers and sisters before their eyes had opened, and it had made my mother nervous. She said the same thing had happened before when she had had families quite as promising, and many of her lady friends had told her that it continually happened to themselves. They said that people coming and looking at you when you had kittens was a sort of epidemic. It always ended in your losing children.

She talked to me a great deal about it. She said she felt rather less nervous after my eyes were opened, because people did not seem to want you so much after your eyes were opened. There were fewer disappearances in families after the first nine days. But she told me she preferred that I should not be intimate with people who looked under the porch, and she was very glad when I could use my legs and get further under the house when any one bent down and said, "Pussy! Pussy!" She said I must not get silly and flattered and intimate even when they said, "Pretty pussy! poo' 'ittle kitty puss!" She said it might end in trouble.

So I was very cautious indeed when I first saw Betty. I did not intend to be caught, but I was not so much afraid as I should have been if she had not been so very little and so pretty.

Not very long before she went away she said to me, one day when we were in the swing together, "Kitty, I am nearly five o'clock!"

So, when she came from behind the white rose-bush, perhaps she was four o'clock.

I shall never forget that morning. It was such a beautiful morning. It was in the early spring, and all the world seemed to be beginning to break into buds and blossoms. There were pink and white flowers on the trees, and there was such a delicious smell when one sniffed a little. Birds were chirping and singing, and every now and then darting across the garden. Flowers were coming out of the ground, too; they were blooming in the garden beds and among the grass, and it seemed quite natural to see a new kind of flower bloom out on the rose-bush, which had no flowers on it then because the season was too early. I was such a young kitten that I thought the little face peeping round the green bush was a flower. But it was Betty, and she was peeping at me! She had such a pink bud of a mouth, and such pink soft cheeks, and such large eyes, just like the velvet of a pansy-blossom! She had a tiny pink frock, and a tiny white apron with frills, and a pretty white muslin hat like a frilled daisy, and the soft wind made the curly soft hair falling over her shoulder as she bent forward sway as the vines sway.

"Mother," I whispered, "what kind of a flower is that? I never saw one before."

She looked and began to be quite nervous.

"Ah dear! ah dear!" she said, "it is not a flower at all; it is a person, and she is looking at you."

"Ah, mother," I said, "how can it be a person when it is not half as high as the rose-bush? And it is such pretty colors. Do look again!"

"It is a child person," she said, "and I have heard they are sometimes the worst of all, though I don't believe they take so many away at a time." The little face peeped further round the green of the rose-bush, and looked prettier and prettier. The pink frock and white frills began to show themselves a little more.

"Get behind me," said my mother, and I began to shrink back.

Ah, how often I have wondered since then why I did not know in a minute that it was Betty—just Betty! It seemed so strange that I did not know it without being told. She came nearer and nearer, and her cheeks seemed to grow pinker and pinker, and her eyes bigger and bigger. Suddenly she gave a little jump and began to clap her hands and laugh.

"Ah," she said, "it is a little kitty. It is a surely little kitty."

"Oh, my goodness!" said my mother. "Fts-fts-ftss! fttss-ffttssss!"

I could not help feeling as if it was rather rude of her, but she was *so* frightened.

But Betty did not seem to mind it at all. Down she went on her little knees on the grass, bending her head down to peep under the porch until her cheek touched the green blades and her heap of curls lay on the buttercups and daisies.

"Oh, you *dee* little kitty!" she said. "Pretty pussy, pussy, puss! Kitty, kitty! *Poo* 'ittle kitty! I won't hurt you."

She made a movement as if she were going to put out her dimpled hand to stroke me, but a side window opened and I heard a voice call to her.

"Betty! Betty!" it said, "you mustn't put your hand under there. The pussy is frightened, and it makes her cross, and she might scratch you. Don't try to stroke her, dearie."

She turned her bright little face over her shoulder.

"I won't hurt her, mamma," she said. "I surely, surely won't hurt her. She has such a pretty kitty. Come and look at it, mamma!"

"Ffttssss-ss!" said my mother. "More coming! Grown ups this time!"

"I don't believe they will hurt us," I said. "The little one is such a pretty one."

"You know nothing about it," said my mother.

But they did not hurt us. They were as gentle as if they had been kittens themselves. The mother came and bent down by Betty's side and looked at us too, but they did nothing which even frightened us. And they talked in quite soft voices.

"You see she is a wild little pussy," the mother said. "She must have been left behind by the people who lived here before we came, and she has been living all by her-

[1] Copyright by Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1894.

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self and eating just what she could steal—or perhaps catching birds. Poor little cat! And now she is frightened because evidently some of her kittens have been stolen from her, and she wants to protect this one."

"But if I don't frighten her," said Betty, "if I keep coming to see her and don't hurt her, and if I bring her some milk and some bits of meat, won't she get used to me and let her kitten come out and play with me after a while?"

"Perhaps she will," said the mother. "Poor pussy, puss, pussy, pretty pussy!"

She said it in such a coaxing voice that I quite liked her; and when Betty began to coax, too, and she was so sweet and so like a kitten herself that I could scarcely help going a trifle nearer to her, I found myself saying, "Mee-ow," quite softly, in answer.

And from that time we saw her every day ever so many times. She seemed never tired of trying to make friends with us. The first thing in the bright mornings we used to hear her pretty child-voice and see her pretty child-face. She used to bring saucers of delightful milk to us two or three times a day. And she always was so careful not to frighten us. She would just call us, "Pretty, pretty pussy! pretty kitty-puss!" in a voice as soft as silk, and then she would put the saucer of milk near us and go away behind the rose-bush and let us drink in comfort and peace.

We thought at first that she went back to the house when she set the saucer down, but after a few days, when we were beginning to be rather less afraid, we found out that she just hid behind the rose-bush and peeped at us through the branches. I saw her pink cheeks and big soft pansy eyes one day, and I told my mother.

"Well, she is a well-behaved child person," mother said. "I sometimes begin to think she does not mean any harm."

I was sure of it. Before I had lapped three saucers of milk I had begun to love her a little.

A few days later she just put the saucer down near us and stepped softly away, but stood right by the rose-bush without hiding behind it. And she said, "Pretty pussy, pussy!" so sweetly, without moving towards us, that even my mother began to have confidence in her.

About that time I began to think it would be nice to creep out from under the house and get to know her a little better. It looked so pleasant and sunshiny out on the grass, and she looked so sunshiny herself. I did like her voice so, and I did like a ball I used to see her playing with; and when she bent down to look under the porch with her curls showing, I used to feel as if I should like to jump out and catch at them with my claws. There never was anything as pretty as Betty, or anything which looked as if it might be so nice to play with.

"I wish you would like me and come out and play, kitty," she used to say to me sometimes. "I do so like kitties. I never hurt kitties. I'll give you a ball of string."

There was a fence not far from the house, and it had a sort of ledge on top, and it was a good deal higher than Betty's head, because she was so very little. She was quite a little thing—only four o'clock.

So one morning I crept out from under my porch and jumped on to the top of that fence, and I was there when she came again to peep and say "Pretty pussy!" When she caught sight of me she began to laugh and clap her little hands and jump up and down.

"Oh, there's the kitty!" she said. "There's my kitty. It has come out its own self. Kitty, kitty, pretty, pretty kitty!"

She ran to me, and stood beneath me, looking up, with her eyes shining and her pink cheeks full of dimples. She could not reach me, but she was so happy because I had come out that she could scarcely stand still. She coaxed and called me pretty names, and stood on her tiptoes stretching her short arm and dimpled hand to try to see if I would let her touch me.

"I won't pull you down, pussy," she said. "I only want to stroke you. Oh, you pretty kitty!"

And I looked down at her and said "Meeiou" gently, just to tell her that I wasn't very much afraid now, and that when I was a little more used to being outside instead of under the house, perhaps I would play with her.

"Mee-iaou!" I said, and I even put out one paw as if I was going to give her a pat, and she danced up and down for joy.

My dear little Betty! I wish I could see her again. I cannot understand why she should go away when I loved her so much—and when everybody loved her so much.

Oh, how happy we were when I came down from the fence! I did it in three days. She brought some milk and coaxed me, and then she put it on the grass close to the fence, and moved away a few steps, and looked at me with such a pretty, imploring look in her pansy eyes that suddenly I made a little leap down, and stood on the grass, and began to lap the milk, and even to purr. That was the beginning. From that time we played together always. And, oh, what a delightful playmate Betty was! And such a conversationalist! She was not a child who thought you must not talk to a kitten because it could not talk back. She had so many things to tell me and show me. And she showed me everything, and explained it all, too. She had a play-house in a box in a nice grassy, shady place, and she told me all about it, and showed me her teacups and her dolls, and we had tea-parties, with bits of real cake, and tiny cups with flowers on them.

"They don't hold much milk, kitty," she said, "but it's a dolls' tea-party, so you must pretend, and I'll give you a big saucerful afterwards."

I pretended as hard as ever I could, and it was a beautiful party, though I did not like the Sunday Doll, because she looked proud, and as if she thought kittens were too young. The Every-day Doll was much nicer, though her hair was a little tufty and she was cracked.

How Betty did enjoy herself that lovely sunny afternoon we had the first tea-party in the play-house! How she laughed and talked and ran backwards and forwards to her mamma for the cups of milk and bits of cake! I ran after her every time, and she was as happy as a little bird.

"See how the kitty likes me now, mamma," she said. "Just watch, it runs every time I run! It isn't afraid of me the leastest bit. Isn't it a pretty kitty?"

I never left her when I could help it. She was such fun! She was a child who danced about and played a great deal, and I was a kitten who liked to jump. We ran about, and played with balls, and we used to sit together in the swing. I did not like the swing very much at first, but I was so fond of Betty that I learned to enjoy it because she held me on her knee and talked. She had such a soft, cozy lap and such soft arms that it was delightful to be carried about by her. She was very fond of carrying me about, and she liked me to lay my head on her shoulder, so that she could touch me with her cheek. My pretty little Betty, she loved me so!

Not the Bargain Intended

He was a bright, rosy-cheeked boy, and full of the spirit of business energy. He had a large basket filled with daisies tied in bunches. His shrill voice greeted the people who left the several surface cars that brought the passengers to the railroad station. Above all other sounds rang out, "Daisies, five cents a bunch! Four bunches for a quarter!" Smiles passed over the faces of many of the people who heard it, but no one took the time to correct the little merchant whose arithmetic did not equal his enterprise, and the cry continued: "Daisies, five cents a bunch! Four for a quarter!" till the big basket was empty.

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The Life of Christ

XIV.—The Sermon on the Mount[1]

By Lyman Abbott

The notion that the Sermon on the Mount is a collection of *logia* of Jesus Christ, uttered at different times and on different occasions and brought together by Matthew, seems to me wholly incongruous with the structure of the discourse itself. This sermon is an ordination sermon, delivered after the selection of the Twelve to be the chosen companions of the Master, and his prophets and heralds. It is delivered primarily to the Twelve, secondarily to a great congregation which has flocked up the hillside and surrounds the speaker and this nucleus of his future Church. It is the most complete and comprehensive statement which Christ has afforded of the principles of the kingdom of God which he had come to establish upon the earth.

He begins this sermon with a note of blessing. Fourteen hundred years or more before, Moses had gone up into another mount to take the law from God—a mount sterile but grand, around whose top the lightning was playing, around which the music of the thunder was heard, while all was cloud-enfolded. Now, on a grassy slope, in the broad sunlight that streamed from the heavens above, the only music the music of the singing birds that flew through the air, and to which he pointed as an illustration of his Father's care, the new laws of the new kingdom were imparted. The first word of this discourse was like the sunlight and like the singing of the birds—a word of benediction. The first word of that discourse was a word of the awful grandeur of Jehovah.

Christ begins his discourse, then, by declaring the condition of happiness; and that condition is all bound up, according to Christ, in one word. We chiefly think they are blessed *that have*. Christ says they are blessed that *are*. Not condition, acquisition, situation, give happiness, but character. And every phase of character brings its own peculiar blessing with it. Blessed are the poor in spirit: easy it is for them to yield allegiance to the God whose kingdom I have come to proclaim—easy for them to enter through the door of repentance, which is hard for the high-spirited. Blessed are the meek: not the man who grasps, not the man who is determined to get all he can and keep all he gets, not the man who is strenuous for his rights, but the man of meek and bearable disposition, is the man who really enjoys what this life has to furnish men. Blessed are the peacemakers: not the warriors of wrath whom the world exalts, not the men who have flung themselves into battle and fought for ambition or even for patriotism, but the men who, by conscious endeavor or the unconscious influence of their character, are cementing together men in one great brotherhood of love—they are blessed, they are to be called the children of God. Blessed, not the great scholars and theologians who have studied the tomes and battled in the controversies of the centuries that they may find out who and what is God and tell us, but the pure in heart, in whose souls there is no lustful thought, whose translucent natures lie before God as the placid lake before the stars in the heavens, and reflect God in the quietude and placidity of their nature.

Blessed is character—this is Christ's first note. How shall this character be obtained? The most common method of making character has been to square it to certain laws and regulations previously framed. This was Pharisaism in the first century, Legalism in the Middle Ages, Puritanism in these later days. To lay down a law of conduct, and then try to adjust character and life to that law of conduct—this is the conception of righteousness which to-day in America, after eighteen centuries of Christ's teaching, a great many men entertain. What is the law of truth? "I will go just so far as that law requires me, and no further." What is unselfishness? "I will hold my hand from whatever form of selfishness law—moral law, God's law—prohibits, but no further." "No!" says Christ; "unless your righteousness exceeds the righteousness attained by any such method as this, you cannot even come into the kingdom of God." And he illustrates this proposition by five illustrations. What is the law for the regulation of passion—Thou shalt not kill? thou shalt not use thine arm to do a wrong to thy neighbor's life or his person? "No!" says Christ. "He that is angry with his brother without a cause is a murderer. Character that does not go deep enough to control the ebullient passion within is no character that carries blessedness with it." "You have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt not commit adultery; but I tell you that the man who simply holds his passion so far in check has not the blessedness I speak of. The evil thought nesting in the imagination carries not only stain but wretchedness with it." "You have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt not forswear thyself; thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; thou shalt not overstep this reasonable rule of reverence; but I say unto you more than that: Thou shalt not swear by heaven, nor by earth, nor by thy head; for whatsoever hath in it more than simply yea and nay, simplest profession of simplest affirmation or denial, comes of evil—comes, that is, of the secret sense of personal distrust." "You have heard what is the law that is to regulate us in the punishment of offenders. You have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Men have in our time reviled this as a cruel code. No; it was a merciful one. It is in a great many cases a merciful one to-day. One man calls his neighbor a liar, and the neighbor strikes a blow, and the other neighbor strikes a heavier blow, and each blow leads to a heavier blow than the other; for we are not content to give merely tit for tat. But Christ says, "This law of restraint, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, this holding yourself back from an even-handed punishment of wrong-doing, is not enough. I tell you to cure evil by love." You cannot make yourself right by trying to square your conduct or your life to an outer rule or regulation. If you try to do it, you will not be happy. Let any man with passion in him try to hold his hand back from wrath, or with lustful imagination in him try to live a pure life, or with hate in his soul try to square his life to the golden rule of conduct—he will not be happy. The blessedness that Christ promises is the blessedness of a soul filled with that divine impulse of love which was in Christ himself.

There is one motive that perhaps more than any other leads us to attempt righteousness. It is the approbation of our fellow-men. And Christ says (this as the third point in his sermon): "It is not enough that you do that which other men think is right, and because other men think it to be right. You are generous. Is it because you are really liberal of heart, or because men will see what you give? You pray. Is it because you really desire to commune with your Father, or do you desire not to be thought undevout? You fast. Is it because your soul is really so burdened with sin that you cannot eat, or do you wish to be counted as religious?" It is not wrong to subscribe that men may honor you; but when you have paid your five cents, or your fifty dollars, and got the approving glance of your fellow-men, you have paid for the goods, and the goods have been delivered to you: it is a commercial transaction—that is all. There is only one way of happy, blessed living. It is the way of a man whose whole soul is consecrated to the service of God in service of his fellow-men.

So Christ says, in the fourth place: "Be not double-minded"—for this is the meaning of the word rendered "Be not careful." Do not go into life thinking, "I shall spend so much time for food, raiment, and earthly forces, and so much for God and the service of my fellow-men." Give yourself to the life of love, in the store, in the kitchen, in the office, in the street, wherever you are. Count life a place in which you are to show how much you can impart, not how much you can get. Bestow, and even as you give men will give back to you—freely, liberally, largely, according to the measure wherewith you give;

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 15. International Sunday-School Lesson, Fourth Quarter, No. 7. (November 18.) Matthew v., vi., and vii.; Luke vi., 20-49. This lesson-paper is a reprint of one of a series of sermons on the Life of Christ given in Plymouth Church in 1888 and 1889, and published in the "Christian World Pulpit," and now revised for this series.

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and your heavenly Father will provide for all that you have need of. "Shall I be rich?" Perhaps not. Have you need of riches? "Shall I live in a brownstone front?" Perhaps not. Do you need to live in a brownstone front? "Shall I be more famous than my neighbor?" Perhaps not. Do you need to be more famous than your neighbor? But he who consecrates his life to the service of humanity receives back from the open hand of man, because back from the open hand of God, all that he needs for this life, and the blessedness that comes through love. Love giving generously receives in return joyfully.

This is well, says some one, for those who are made with this temperament, but how for me? I have not a peaceful temperament. How shall I make myself a peacemaker? I have not the pure temperament. How shall I control the lustful imagination? I have not the equable temperament. How shall I restrain my passion? I can hold my hand from striking my neighbor, but how my heart from hating? And Christ answers finally that question: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

I remember, as a boy, sitting by the fireside of a little country inn, up near Dead River in Maine, and hearing some men discuss the Sermon on the Mount. Rough fellows they were; and one of them, scoffing at Christianity, said, "Thou shalt love thine enemy—nonsense! It is not in human nature." He was right. It is not in human nature; but it was in Christ's nature, and it is in the divine nature. And it is in the divine nature to impart it through Christ to those who claim it.

Books and Authors

Dr. Ladd's Psychology [1]

This volume, which has been a long time in preparation, is a valuable addition to the recent literature of psychology. Within very recent years comprehensive text-books have appeared by Höffding, James, Baldwin, Kulpe, Murray, Dewey, Zichen, D. J. Hill, Bowne, and Bascom, while Wundt has just issued a much enlarged fourth edition of his well-known work, and psychologies are announced by Ebbinghaus and by G. E. Müller. All these text-books are strikingly different not only in style and manner and the philosophical standpoint, but especially in the ground covered. While all, of course, treat sensation, feeling, will, and intellect, the conception of each of these terms differs widely. Professor Ladd has great horror of psychology without a soul, and gives little space to evolution, instinct, the forms of mental disease, or the special senses.

After an introduction concerning definitions, method, sources, etc., the first part treats of consciousness, faculties, and primary attention as the most general forms of mental life. Part second treats of sensation, its nature, classes, quality and quantity, its complications, local signs, feeling, cognition and movement, images, and primary intellection. These are the elements of mental life. Its development is treated in part third, in chapters headed—Perception, Memory, Imagination, Thought and Language, Reasoning, Space, Time, and Cause, Knowledge of Things and the Knowledge of Self, The Emotions and Passions, The Sentiments, Impulse, Instinct and Desire, Will and Character, Types and Principles of Mental Development.

In this way Dr. Ladd has been remarkably successful in bringing together, like nearest to like, the many views now held by different authors. In diligent reading and quotation his work suggests his predecessor Porter, as the latter suggested his predecessor Volkmann. This, to our mind, constitutes the chief merit of this work. Like the preceding six volumes from the same pen, much of the soul of which has gone into this, its chief merit is faithful, useful, and tireless industry. All the chief facts and opinions, within the limit Dr. Ladd sets himself, are carefully and patiently sifted and examined, criticised, and often even dissected. We cannot agree with an eminent reviewer that the work is "tedious." It has few novelties, and does not scintillate with wit and bon-mots. We should prefer to apply to it the terms judicious, useful, and conservative. It is a book that must, of course, take its place in every psychological library, and is likely to do good service in class-rooms, where its more or less controversial flavor will add zest. For young men who are a little suspicious of the new psychology this book will be the best of all introductions.

If we were to criticise the book, it would be because it is too much colored by the so-called theory of knowledge, and because, despite the admirable device of printing summary sentences in italics, and of using different sizes of type, it lacks perspective. There is little to distinguish the established from the conjectural. Minor points which are controverted sometimes seem too prominent; but the book is written for and dedicated to the author's pupils, and we should not forget that the pedagogic standpoint is very different from the scientific.

It is essentially a book of details, and much of its matter has never been so finely analyzed. The judicious reviewer can therefore best refer the reader to the work itself.

[1] *Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory: A Treatise of the Phenomena, Laws, and Development of Human Mental Life.* By George Trumbull Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.50.

Novels and Tales

A few weeks ago The Outlook gave some account of the veteran Hungarian novelist, dramatist, and poet, Maurus Jókai, and printed his portrait as one of its "cover series." English readers now have an opportunity of testing the literary quality of this most versatile and prolific of living writers. Fortunately, also, the two books by Jókai just published in translation represent two quite different epochs of his literary career, and show him at his best in each. Indeed, perhaps it would be impossible to make a better selection from the long list of his works—he has published over two hundred and fifty books! *Timar's Two Worlds* (D. Appleton & Co., New York) is in Jókai's earlier vein—a romance of adventure and love. The story-interest is strong; original inventions seem to occur spontaneously to the writer; there is movement, brilliancy, and imagination; withal there is an unobtrusive moral purpose. The style, however, has an artificial and old-fashioned flavor. One constantly thinks of Dumas the elder in reading the book; yet Jókai's inventive genius, though quite as fertile, is altogether unlike that of his great French contemporary. *Eyes like the Sea* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) is, on the other hand, intensely modern in style. It is in great part autobiographical, and contains an account, in turn thrilling and amusing, of the author's connection with the struggle for Hungarian independence. Jókai wrote this book in 1890, and was able to look back at his own literary and political history with an indulgent smile and without passion. It is hard to say just how much of the book is fact and how much fiction; certainly there are few characters in fiction more carefully depicted than the fickle, lively, and tumultuous "Bessy"—a woman whom the reader will at once compare with Thackeray's "Becky Sharp," though much to Bessy's advantage. The book is witty in a high degree throughout. In both these volumes by Jókai jaded novel-readers will find something distinctly fresh and piquant.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's *Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills* is a tale rather than a novel, and is in quite a different vein from both his "Stickit Minister" and "Raiders." It tells of the "judgment" which overtook a persecutor of the Covenanters, who, upon being solemnly cursed by a minister who had been ousted from church and home, becomes a sort of Scotch Nebuchadnezzar or wild man of the hills, eating herbs and berries, having no companion but a wildcat, and being hunted by man. His final redemption and restoration to humanity end the story, which is clever in its way but somewhat overwrought. It will add little or nothing to Mr. Crockett's fame. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Miss Anna Fuller had shown in "Pratt Portraits" that she could catch the true New England color and flavor. Now in *Peak and Prairie* she does the same thing for the Far West. This is a somewhat unusual feat in short-story writing. We know of no other recently written Western tales nearly as good as these except Octave Thanet's. "The Lame Gulch Professor," "The Rumpety Case," and "Jake Stanwood's Girl" have the racy briskness of Bret Harte's earlier work, with a refinement and dignity of the author's own. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The excitement and moral dangers of a residence at Monte

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Carlo form the motive force of Mr. W. H. Bishop's *A Pound of Cure*. It seems to us better as a descriptive study than as a novel; the circumstances rather than the characters occupy the reader's attention. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The sketches of war-time collected under the title *Marsena, and Other Stories* (and also sent us by the Scribners) please us better than most of Mr. Frederic Harold's more ambitious work in fiction. He is apt to be prolix, or rather to let his characters talk too prolixly; here the work is sharp and keen. The typical village in New York is brought out vividly, with all its joys and sorrows and humors and tragedies coming from the great war-cloud in the South.

Anthony Hope's *A Change of Air* is so totally unlike his successful "Prisoner of Zenda" that it is in danger of being underrated. It is a clever study of a poet-socialist who waxes rich on the proceeds of his Swinburnian verse, finds how pleasant the joys of aristocratic society are, and loves and wins a girl of social position and conservative ideas, all at the sacrifice of his fierce radicalism; while a perfervid disciple of the poet, "more loyal than the king," loses profession, home, sanity, and finally life itself in following out his teacher's doctrines to what he thinks their logical end. In the working out of the love-story there is an odd surprise for the reader, ingeniously managed.

Evidently, to Mr. Arlo Bates, Europe is but a synonym for tyranny—namely, the "knout of Tzar," the "craft of Bismark" (is the name more redoubtable without the "c"?), the "infuriate cry of France," and "England's supreme brutality." Liberty naturally flees to America. Here she makes her last stand, and the graduating youth of Bowdoin College are invited to become torch-bearers in her honor and in Truth's. That they may recognize Truth, Mr. Bates defines it in many sonorous lines, which make excellent prose. *The Torch-Bearers* (Roberts Brothers, Boston) is called a poem, however, and was delivered at the centennial of the incorporation of Bowdoin College, June 28, 1894. It is a pity that it does not all realize the expectations awakened by this really fine prelude:

> Once in this place I saw a poet stand
> In all the dignity of age, with hair
> White as the foam on Androscoggin's falls;
> And heard his silver voice over the hush
> More eloquent than noisy plaudits say:
> "O Cæsar, we who are about to die
> Salute you." While all those who listened knew
> Fame had so crowned him that he still would live
> When death had done its worst. To-day the grace
> Lies in the high occasion, not the lay.
> To-day we mark the rounded century,
> And pause to say: "Our fathers have done well;
> Let us take counsel what their sons may do."
> At such a time, in such a place as this;
> Here, where melancholy whisper comes
> From the thin breezes yearning toward the sea;
> Where wistful sighs of long remembrance stir
> The bosom of the ever-murmuring pines;
> Here, where a thousand varied memories
> Rise up to waken pride or touch regret;
> Where our lost youth lies wait and peers at us
> As if some dryad shy peeped from her tree,—
> What word is fitting here and fitting now?

We are glad to receive the memorial volume of the late Professor Lincoln. It is made up of extracts from his diaries, of letters, of papers, and of essays which certainly are scholarly and full of learning and deserve to be preserved. Many of these essays have never been published, though they were prepared with great care for the Monday Club. They deal with subjects allied to, or suggested by, Greek and Latin literature. This, however, is not exclusively the case, for Professor Lincoln treated of Clerk Maxwell, Goethe's "Faust," Ranke, and Dean Stanley on "Baptism." This large book, *John Larkin Lincoln, 1817–1891*, judiciously edited by the late Professor Lincoln's son, W. E. Lincoln, is worthy to find a place upon the shelves of any library, both because it is an account of a notable man and also because it is a collection of what may be called pure literature, produced after the model of the thorough, old school. There are two portraits of Professor Lincoln, and a good index to the whole volume. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Why did Christina Rossetti call her book of nursery rhymes *Sing-Song*, when they have no sing-song? Indeed, of rhyme itself there is little in most of these efforts—poor efforts for Miss Rossetti. One searches in vain for a "tuneful" song to sing to little folk. Furthermore, many of the verses are much too melancholy to be included in such a collection. The illustrations are melancholy too. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Poems, Sonnets, Songs, and Verses, by the author of "The Professor and Other Poems," is a long title for a very little book. "Verses" would have been better and truer; "Rhymes" still better. Some of these lines are not so objectionable; others are unpleasant, and the machine-art of all is decidedly fleeting (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Songs from the Nest, by Emily Huntington Miller, is a collection of poems, some of peculiar beauty, that would soon become favorites in any nursery. Mrs. Miller is well known to all the readers of The Outlook. (Kindergarten Publishing Company, Chicago.)

Literary Notes

—Sarah Grand has written a new story called "The Undefinable."

—Mr. George Saintsbury will sever his connection with the "Saturday Review" at the beginning of November.

—Dr. George Macdonald has recently completed the MS. of a new story entitled "Lilith," which is written somewhat in the style of his "Phantastes."

—The letters of Emily Dickinson are in the press of Roberts Brothers; and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to bring out the newly collected familiar letters of Thoreau. The volume devoted to Miss Dickinson will contain a portrait of her.

—A translation of Molière's works by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, so well known as the translator of Balzac, is announced by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. The same firm will publish a translation of Bourget's "A Saint" by Miss Wormeley.

—Mr. Quiller-Couch believes in hard work. "When I am writing a story," he says, "I never do more than 1,000 words a day, and sometimes it may not be more than 150 words. I always devote the mornings to work, whether the result is 1,000 words or only a couple of sentences. I do not believe in waiting for inspiration; the effort must be made."

—The authorized biography of Mr. Whittier, by Samuel T. Pickard, arranged for while he was yet living, will be among the early fall publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Letters will be given from Whittier to Channing, Garrison, Sumner, Dr. Holmes, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, and many others. The work will contain several portraits, and views of Mr. Whittier's Amesbury home and of the house at Hampton where he died.

—The following story of a proof-error is from "The Bookman:" A proof-sheet of one of Landor's poems, printed in "The Keepsake," is before us, the concluding stanza of which reads;

> "Yes," you shall say, when once the dream
> (So hard to break) is o'er,
> "My love was very dear to him,
> My *farm* and peace were more."

This error seems to have angered the poet, for upon the margin of the leaf he has written: "Of all the ridiculous blunders ever committed by a compositor, *farm* instead of *fame* is the most ridiculous. Pity it was not printed, *My farm and peas ! ! !*"

—Mr. John Murray writes to the London "Spectator" concerning that form of smuggling by the English which consists in taking to England Tauchnitz editions of copyrighted books. "Who," he asks, "has not seen these volumes imported—smuggled—in open defiance of all restrictions, and has not found whole shelves full of them, neatly bound, in the houses of wealthy, 'conscientious,' ostensibly law-abiding friends? I have remonstrated with such lawbreakers, and have presented to them that they are deliberately defrauding authors, but I do not remember ever to have found a penitent. Under what code of ethics is this practice to be classed?" Another reform which English publishers might well think of is the publication in cheap and "loud" form of pirated and often mutilated editions of American books for railway-stand use.

—Writing of the Isle of Wight, the "Pall Mall Budget" says: "The literary memories of the island are many, and are on the increase. At Farringford the 'Life of Lord Tennyson' progresses; at Newport, a native wrote 'The Silence of Dean Maitland;' at Ventnor, near to the house which Dickens inhabited, Mr. Zangwill is hard at work on a new masterpiece. In sight of him are some of the favorite haunts of Mr. Swinburne's boyhood, and the coast on which he made fast friends with England's 'sea walls.' Round the corner is Steephill Castle, the former home of the Hambroughs, familiar to Helen Mathers. Near at hand, in a house overlooking an expanse of sea, Mr. Frederick Greenwood has just finished one of his famous Foreign Policy articles for 'The Contemporary.' At Ryde, Lord de Tabley is planning a new volume of poems; and Mr. Newton Robinson, too, is there, yachting rather than versifying. People in the island who saw this year's Academy, and easily recognize Mr. Zangwill, pronounce his portrait by Mr. Solomon to be even more like him than he is like himself; but the other Academy portrait to be met in the island, Mr. Waterhouse's Mrs. Newton Robinson, must be admitted to fall far short of the original in vivacity and charm."

[For list of Books Received see page 479]

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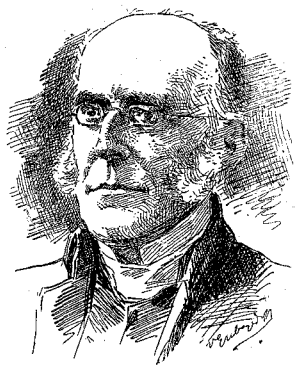

Rt. Rev. John Williams, D.D., LL.D.,
President.

Rt. Rev. W. C. Doane, D.D., LL.D.,
Vice-President.

Rev. William S. Langford, D.D
General Secretary.

Episcopal Church Missions

IN such an admirable architectural neighborhood as that made up of the buildings of the National Academy of Design, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian and Calvary Churches, the Kennedy and United Charities buildings, and the Bank for Savings, all within a block of each other, the new Episcopal Church Missions House finds fitting place. It is on the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second street. The splendid structure, whose massiveness, unity, and dignity it is difficult to depict in an illustration, was designed for the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, being built and furnished by voluntary gifts. We are indebted to the New York "Times" for the drawing printed with this article. The Society occupies the second story for its offices, and also for its beautiful chapel, in which a short service is held every day at noon. The first story of the Church Missions House is given up to well-lighted stores, one of which is used for the intelligent work of the Provident Loan Society. There are separate entrances for men and women into this model pawnshop. The third, fourth, and fifth stories are used as the offices of other prominent Episcopal endeavors, among them being the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, the American Church Building Fund Commission, the American Church Missionary Society, the Church Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Church Temperance Society, the Church Periodical Club, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Parochial Missions Society, and the officers of the General Convention. The construction of the Church Missions House is of steel and stone from top to bottom, and the building is absolutely fire-proof. The architecture is late Romanesque. The effect of the ornamental arcades and the pier-pilasters will be noted, but our illustration is not large enough to show the fine sculpture in the triangular pediment over the entrance. The group on the left represents St. Augustine preaching to the Anglo-Saxons in the sixth century; that on the right, Bishop Seabury preaching to the Indians. The architects of the Church Missions House are Messrs. R. W. Gibson and Edward J. N. Stent, of New York City.

Admirable as are the energies put forth by the other organizations housed in the building erected for the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, this last-named endeavor is by far the best-known and most important in the Episcopal Church. The Society was organized in 1820. Its first home was in Nassau Street. Its second was in the Bible House, where it remained for forty years, removing to its present abode early in 1894. The portraits of the present officers of the Society accompany this article.

The domestic branch of the Society is responsible for the salaries of the bishops and missionaries in the following exclusively missionary jurisdictions: Arizona and New Mexico (Bishop Kendrick), Montana (Bishop Brewer), Utah and Nevada (Bishop Leonard), Northern California (Bishop Wingfield), Northern Texas (Bishop Garrett), North Dakota (Bishop Walker), South Dakota (Bishop Hare), Western Texas (Bishop Johnston), Olympia (vacant), Spokane (Bishop Wells), Wyoming and Idaho (Bishop Talbot), Oklahoma (Bishop Brooke), Alaska (vacant), The Platte (Bishop Graves), Western Colorado (Bishop Barker), Southern Florida (Bishop Gray), and Northern Michigan (vacant). Besides the above, the Board has given assistance to thirty-seven dioceses. Over eight hundred missionaries are employed, and the cost of the whole work in this country is about a quarter of a million dollars. It will be, of course, understood that this sum does not comprehend the amounts expended by the different dioceses for their own missions, nor the aid given to the missionaries both in money and supplies by the Woman's Auxiliary, nor direct gifts to the missionaries from other sources. To include these three items would be to multiply the original sum by three.

Perhaps the most interesting field in the Society's home work is among the negroes, and in the last report we read the following timely words, which may well apply to Indian or any other mission endeavors: "What has been written thus far proceeds on the assumption that the development of education forms an integral part of the Church's work among the colored people. As a matter of fact, the same cry goes up now as at the date of the last report—that to do real good we must educate, and educate to a higher standard. The school *may* precede, but *must* accompany, the church mission. The Sunday-school, the sewing-school, the industrial school, the day-school, and, where possible, the boarding-school—all must be worked and welded together as part of a thoroughly successfu colored mission."

The most significant and caustic criticism in the report is that of Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, of Wyoming and Idaho, who asks: "Where are we to get the men to do the work? In the last graduating classes in three of our largest theological seminaries it will be found on inquiry that a lamentably small number offered themselves for missionary work, domestic or foreign. With a uniformity most significant, you will find these men to-day occupying the comfortable berths of first, second, and third assistants in our large city parishes. This seems to be the ideal life, the earthly paradise, of the average seminary graduate. Indeed, we have known several instances where Western bishops have lost candidates, whom they had sent East to be trained, simply because the young men could not resist the attractions of such a position.

"Now, why is this? There may be more than one answer to this question—as, for instance, that there is a commendable and intense Church activity in our great commercial centers, calling for men constantly; that young men are needed in the East as well as in the West. But we fear the true answer is to be found in the sad fact that the missionary spirit is lacking in our young men. The hard and discouraging conditions of pioneer work do not appeal to them. They have no heart for such work. With too many of them the ministry is regarded as a *profession*,

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with its rewards and perquisites. To forego the comforts of life, to be hidden from the public gaze, to endure hardness for Christ's sake, to have their hearts kindled with a sense of the heroism of self-sacrifice — these motives are not the dominant ones."

The Society's illustrated monthly magazine, the "Spirit of Missions," a well-edited periodical of about forty pages, is sent free to every clergyman in the Episcopal Church. Other publications are the "Quarterly Message" and the "Young Christian Soldier" (issued both as a weekly and as a monthly).

The Society's foreign branch has two hundred and twenty-five stations in Japan, China, Africa, and Hayti, and one mission-school in Greece. The number of laborers is about five hundred. In twenty-nine boarding-schools (including the theological) there are nearly eight hundred pupils, and in seventy-seven day-schools there are nearly three thousand pupils. The last annual report shows that at the dispensaries and hospitals over 23,000 persons made nearly 70,000 visits seeking relief. The cost of the work done by the foreign branch is about $200,000 a year.

The Church Missions House

In view of the war between China and Japan, all missions in those countries are of special interest. In Japan the Episcopalians divide their missions into the Osaka and Tokio districts, and in the latter an earthquake, the most severe in forty years, has destroyed $10,000 worth of property belonging to these missions, and has left the buildings in such a weakened condition that in the event of a typhoon or of a light earthquake they would probably collapse. As in the reports from the missions of other communions in Japan, so in the Report upon Foreign Missions by the Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Society we read of the same conditions: "Christianity is no longer a new thing to the Japanese; foreign customs and foreign institutions are not sought after with the same avidity as was the case a short time ago. The Empire is passing through a political crisis. It is a time of unrest and excitement in the political world. The minds of men are filled with the various issues at stake. The desire for treaty revision on lines acceptable to the Japanese is absorbing the attention of all; and, pending such revision, there is a manifest feeling of annoyance with foreigners which predisposes many to look with distrust upon everything foreign, especially the foreign religion."

The Chinese missions are separated into the Shanghai and the Wuchang divisions. Not only are the missionaries trying to preach the Gospel in the "Flowery Kingdom;" they are also trying to establish free dispensaries and hospitals, and, above all, to suppress the use of opium. In this they are backed by the forty thousand Chinese Christians.

It should be added that the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society is composed of all members of the Church, represented in the Board of Missions, which meets triennially and is composed of both Houses of the General Convention and the Board of Managers. The Missionary Council, which meets annually, except in the General Convention years, is composed of all the Bishops, the Board of Managers, such other clergymen or laymen as may be selected by the General Convention, and one presbyter and one layman from each diocese or missionary jurisdiction.

Rev. Joshua Kimber,
Associate Seeretary.

Mr. George Bliss,
Treasurer.

Mr. E. Walter Roberts,
Assistant Treasurer.

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An Outpost of Culture

"Do you know where the University Settlement is, Johnny?"

"Nop."

"Is there any building down there by the river besides that big brewery?"

"Oh yes, there's a lib'ry."

Johnny was a New York street urchin who was playing on East Seventy-sixth Street, near Avenue A. He had summed up in the word "lib'ry" what the East Side House means to the boys and girls of his age in the neighborhood. An older youth, of the age which delights in the appellation of "young feller," said that there was a "gymnasium" down the street, in answer to the same inquiry.

Following the street down to the river, past a city "dairy" where distillery-fed cows look longingly from their pens to a patch of corn on the river-bank, and beyond to the green pastures of Blackwell's Island, one comes suddenly upon the East Side House. The main building is an old-fashioned frame house, built on the bank—which is here almost a bluff—of that tidal mill-race, the East River, and not far from Hell Gate. The waterway is here so narrow that when a great Sound steamer goes swirling by it seems as if one can almost step on board. Opposite rise the granite walls of the Workhouse on Blackwell's Island. In front of the House are a playground for children and a resting-place for their mothers, and an athletic ground for the men. Adjoining the House is a partly finished brick building which contains the library.

West of the East Side House is a square mile or two of Philistia. In the section bounded by Fifty-ninth and One Hundred and Tenth Streets, from Third Avenue eastward to the river, there is said to be a population of 250,000 people. The avenues are full of small shops, and the side streets of tenements. An apt characterization of Third Avenue will apply to pretty much this whole section—"one of the longest and most populous streets in New York, with scarcely one striking building on its whole length." Factories and breweries and stone-yards and vacant lots and badly paved streets and hideous new tenements and dismal old ones, with swarms of sallow and ill-favored women and children on the streets, and of sordid, stolid men in the stores and workshops—here are the elements of a great lump of self-satisfied materialism which furnishes the finest possible opportunity for the missionary of culture.

This is the region in which the East Side House is trying to spread the knowledge of better things. The liberal gentlemen at the head of the enterprise are convinced that the modern Philistine cannot be reached by throwing things at him, even if the things thrown consist of buildings and apparatus and classes and lectures. They know that anything like "brotherhood" between the cultured and the uncultured classes must be based upon good feeling and real acquaintance, man with man and woman with woman. One of their prime aims is "to establish intelligent and kindly relations between all people, regardless of circumstances in life." To do this they aim to secure as residents of the House men and women of education, of earnestness, of sympathy, and of sense. To be of any use in this kind of work a man must be accustomed to reading men as well as books. The "Christian athlete" has the greatest chance for usefulness—one who can command respect as a man, and whose Christianity is shown in deeds rather than words.

The East Side Club is one of the principal features of the work. There are about one hundred and fifty members. They are mostly young men, who are attracted by the gymnasium. They pay fifty cents a month as dues, and from the sum thus collected, in addition to fines and the money paid for the use of the billiard-table, the Club pays a rental of $700 a year to the House. The feeling that they are "paying their way" (in part at least) fosters the naturally independent spirit of these sturdy young fellows, and great tact has to be exercised in directing their activity. Their sensitiveness is shown, for instance, in their striking out the words "charitable work" from the original Constitution, and substituting the words "mutual improvement" therefor as one of the objects of the Club; they have abolished the "temperance bar," because that feature did not pay; and they have shown a desire to elect their own candidates to the important offices. But the Club is undoubtedly of great benefit to its members; they have learned to respect their surroundings and the residents; they do not gamble, though games of cards are permitted; and they are kept off the streets and out of the saloons while they are developing their muscles and enjoying themselves in rational ways. Smoking is permitted, and there is an air of respectful familiarity about their attitude toward the residents that is refreshing and inspiring. Debating clubs and local improvement societies will doubtless grow out of this Club when, with more room—for the East Side House needs enlargement—an older class of men is induced to join.

The Webster Free Library, which adjoins the House and is connected with it, contains about four thousand volumes, and has circulated, since its opening last April, the remarkably large number of twelve thousand books. Unusual opportunities for good work are offered here from the fact that the large majority of the readers are children and youth. Bareheaded and barefooted children come trooping in on sunny afternoons. "What kind of a book do you want?" asks the sympathetic young librarian of a girl of thirteen. "A nice girl's book," is the naïve reply. "Little Women" is selected for the nice girl. "Sometimes I have still quainter requests," remarks the librarian. "The other day a young girl shyly asked me for 'a good book about love.' That is what the girls want, and what the library needs—good novels and stories. The boys want adventure. 'Robinson Crusoe' is a great favorite, and, alas! so are Oliver Optic's books; but, strange to say, 'Tom Brown' is seldom called for. Fairy tales are in great demand. I could use fifty copies of Hans Christian Andersen." But the good boys and girls are not the only ones who come. The librarian has frequent conflicts with the obstreperous boys who wish to take possession of the reading-room, and occasionally has to call in the policeman who is stationed at the House to preserve order. The conduct of these children, however, is steadily improving. One of the interesting scraps of library gossip is about a polyglot barber who asked for a copy of "The Inferno" in Italian, German, French, or English. Unfortunately, the library did not contain the works of Dante in any of these languages, and the learned barber still waits the library's enrichment.

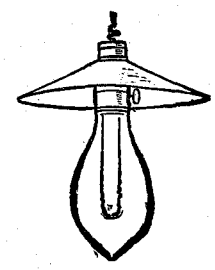
The family is reached not alone through the library, but by means of boys' and girls' clubs for entertainment and instruction, a kindergarten, and a mothers' club. It is hoped that a cooking-school and other useful features can also be added. In this field it is very desirable that college women should aid more largely in the work; it is now carried on mainly by Mrs. Gordon, wife of the Resident Manager.

A swimming-bath has been constructed just below the House, by means of which bathing can be enjoyed without danger from the swift tides of the river channel. The situation of the House is cool and delightful, and on hot afternoons and evenings the grounds are populous with East-Siders who come down to get a whiff of cool air and a glimpse of the bright world that goes rushing by in the great steamers and river craft which make the scene one of continual life and movement. Here is indeed a fine location for a People's Palace. To realize this, however, two things are needed—more workers and more money. Either are welcome at any time. The President of the House is Everett P. Wheeler, Esq.; Vice-Presidents, Bishop Potter, J. Pierpont Morgan, R. Fulton Cutting; Secretary and Resident Manager, Clarence Gordon; Librarian, William S. Booth.

H. H. M.

—Mr. Hall Caine's "The Manxman," in one volume, has been an unusual success in England. A first edition of 20,000 copies ran low in a fortnight, and a second edition, marked twenty-first to twenty-fifth thousand, followed. D. Appleton & Co. publish the book here.

Up to date.



The best light.

The best leaven.

Correspondence

A Personal Statement

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The article in your issue of August 25, written at your request, on the "Churches, Schools, and Saloons" in Philadelphia, seems to have created the impression in many quarters that I am a Catholic in religion. This would not be a thing to be ashamed of, but it has a tendency to weaken the charges made against members of the Protestant churches that they are in direct complicity with the saloons, as many persons believe me to be actuated by religious bigotry. I am a Methodist and of Methodist and Quaker ancestry, the latter dating back in this country to 1682. Hence it can be seen that neither my Protestant orthodoxy nor my nationality is in any way of doubtful origin. I feel this explanation to be necessary in order to clinch my statements in The Outlook and to prevent any evasion of the saloon responsibilities on the part of Protestant Christianity.

JAMES F. DAILEY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Church and the Saloon

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I feel that the article in your issue of August 25, entitled "The Church, the School, and the Saloon," by James F. Dailey, of this city, while it may be correct as to its facts, is so calculated to create an utterly false and unjust impression on the mind of the average reader that, out of a sense of common justice and of loyalty to the grand old Church of which I have the honor to be a minister, I ask you to publish the following reply by the editor of our excellent diocesan paper. I regard it as a complete refutation of the charges and insinuations of Mr. Dailey. Allow me to add that it would have been fairer had the "thorough investigator" tried to discover what Episcopal clergymen and laymen have done, at much personal trouble and inconvenience, to "remonstrate" against the granting of licenses, and how much influence they have exerted in successfully preventing the establishment of *new* saloons. I know personally of two who have labored hard and successfully towards this end, and I doubt not Mr. Gibbony, the Secretary of the Law and Order Society, could give the names of others. I hesitate to attribute any but the best motives to Mr. Dailey, but I know enough of the matter to believe that his investigation has not been so thorough as to warrant the grave charges which he has seen fit to bring against a body of Christians which, while it may not make the noise some people do, is, I believe, doing as much as or more than any similar body in this city of Philadelphia to further among the people the cause of true religion, which includes soberness, temperance, and chastity.

(Rev.) ROBERT A. MAYO.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The reply alluded to is from the "Church Standard," and is too long to quote here. We

Sleepless Nights

Make you weak and weary, unfit for work, indisposed to exertion. They show that your nerve-strength is gone and that your nervous system needs building up. The true remedy

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, creates an appetite, and gives sound, refreshing sleep. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

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will merely say that Mr. Dailey brought no charges against the Episcopal Church, except as the Church may be responsible for the personal acts of some members; that both Mr. Dailey and The Outlook are fully cognizant of the splendid work for morality constantly being done by the churches in that organization; that Mr. Dailey's facts—and we have yet to see any of them denied—applied to individuals and not to bodies of men; and that he pointed out very clearly that members of Methodist (Mr. Dailey is himself a Methodist), Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, and Lutheran churches were equally with Episcopal church officers to be found among the signers of applications for license. It was also distinctly stated that the sole reason why a methodical examination was made of the facts connected with officers of the Protestant Episcopal Church was that those facts were easily accessible—the reports of vestry elections and of License Court proceedings having been published side by side in papers of the same date.—THE EDITORS.

—

Profit and Loss

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a recent Outlook you gave a foremost place in your criticism of Mr. Pullman to a certain large sum paid out as dividend to stockholders. Large as it is, it is but 8 per cent. upon capital actually paid in, according to Mr. Pullman, and invested in the company's undertakings.

Does The Outlook, having normal risks before its eyes, hold that to be an excessive profit upon capital chiefly laid out in manufacturing? It is as though $10,000 should, at the end of a year of business risks, yield a return of $800—not the earnings of many a wage-worker. Would The Outlook deem that an adequate return to capital, or would you say that, while 8 per cent. may be no more—may, indeed, be considerably less—than $10,000 may justly produce, it is more than $36,000,000 ought to yield under like market conditions?

And if you do so consider, what, I would ask, are your reasons, besides the curious one sometimes advanced that in the one case the sums involved are large, in the other small? G.

We believe that employers should share with employees the losses of bad seasons. Eight per cent. to stockholders, after the expenses of management are paid, is a good return in a good season.—THE EDITORS.

—

"Industrial Conciliation"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You lately printed an article referring to a book written by Mrs. Lowell, entitled "Industrial Conciliation." I have made inquiries of two different book-stores in this city, but they do not know of any such book. As you refer to it as a book that should be read, I am anxious to get hold of a copy.

F. D.

The exact title of the book is "Industrial Arbitration and Conciliation." It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The price in paper is 40 cents, and in cloth 75 cents.—THE EDITORS.

—

Forest Preserves

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It seems that the amendment to the report of the Forestry Committee of the Constitutional Convention has come up for consideration again, and has been ordered to a third reading. In view of your observations on the subject in The Outlook of the 1st inst., allow me a few words, as your meaning does not seem to me quite clear upon some points, and the subject itself can hardly be too fully or frequently considered. That it is high time, as you suggest, to institute, not only in New York, but throughout the country, "a system of State forest preserves and to provide for their intelligent care," no one who is at all conversant with the facts of the present situation, it would seem, can deny.

But what is intelligent care of a forest preserve? Is it such care as is proposed by the amendment to the report of the Committee now before the Constitutional Convention, which provides that the forest lands "shall not be leased, sold, or exchanged, or be taken by any corporation, public or private; nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed, or destroyed"? It is well that a provision of the Constitution should insure that the public forest lands shall never be sold, and that the condition of the forest should be, once a forest always a forest, for the precarious condition of all forests owned by individuals or private corporations detracts greatly from their value to the public, not to say also to their owners, and prevents the public from having such an interest in a proper system of forestry as it otherwise might have. It may be questionable, however, whether public forest lands may not be sometimes leased, under proper regulations, not only without detriment to the forest as such, but with positive advantage. But what shall be said of the provision or constitutional prohibition that the timber on the preserves shall not be "sold, removed, or destroyed"? This gives countenance, and from the highest source, the State Constitution itself, if adopted, to the charge which has been so constantly made by lumbermen and others, that those who have been advocating forest preservation have been urging the adoption of a policy which would deprive the public of a great amount of valuable material by leaving the trees to rot down in the forest instead of converting them into lumber at the proper time and in the proper way. Thus far this charge has been but too effective, and has prevented the most persistent and painstaking efforts of the true friends of the forests, and of the country through the forests, from being able as yet to get any enactment upon the statute-book for the effective protection of our public forest lands against timber thieves or incendiaries. They have insisted that these were designed to be used for economical purposes, that the growth of the forest is to be regarded as a crop and to be harvested, like any other crop, when ripe, but to be so harvested that a new crop may spring up and grow in place of the old one, and thus the forest be made perpetual and a perpetual source of income. They have urged that such treatment of our forests becomes especially important in view of the fact that we are now consuming our forests twice as fast as they grow, while the demands upon them are increasing every year. They have urged that, in view of this state of things, we ought not only to preserve our forests from further destruction, further extinction, but that we ought to give them such intelligent care that their product will be increased both in quantity and quality, which may easily be done, as is abundantly shown by the now prevalent system of forest management in almost every country of Europe.

Can anything, therefore, be more out of place and out of time than to adopt such an amendment as is proposed by the Forestry Committee, and still more to engraft it upon the Constitution itself, so that no change can be made by law, and the trees must be left to decay and fall until, perhaps sometime in the twentieth century, when we have suffered for lack of timber and lack of water, a wiser Constitutional Convention shall be assembled?

The American Forestry Association, concluding its recent summer meeting in Brooklyn by an excursion to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and learning there that this amendment was assigned for consideration by the Constitutional Convention on the next day but one, did all that it could under the circumstances, by adopting, by a unanimous vote, a resolution expressing its opposition to the amendment, and giving it to the members of the Convention and the public through the Associated Press.

You urge that we "take a hint from the Fatherland both in the system of preserves and aiding schools and universities to disseminate instruction concerning, not only arboriculture, but, what is of even greater importance, sylviculture." One of our States has set us a good example in this respect. The State of Maine, by the 15th section of a comprehensive act in regard to forestry passed in March, 1892, provides that "the Forest Commissioner shall take such measures as the State Superintendent of the common schools and President of the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts may approve, for awakening an interest in behalf of forestry in the public schools, academies, and colleges of the State, and of imparting some degree of elementary instruction upon the subject therein." All our States might well follow this admirable example.

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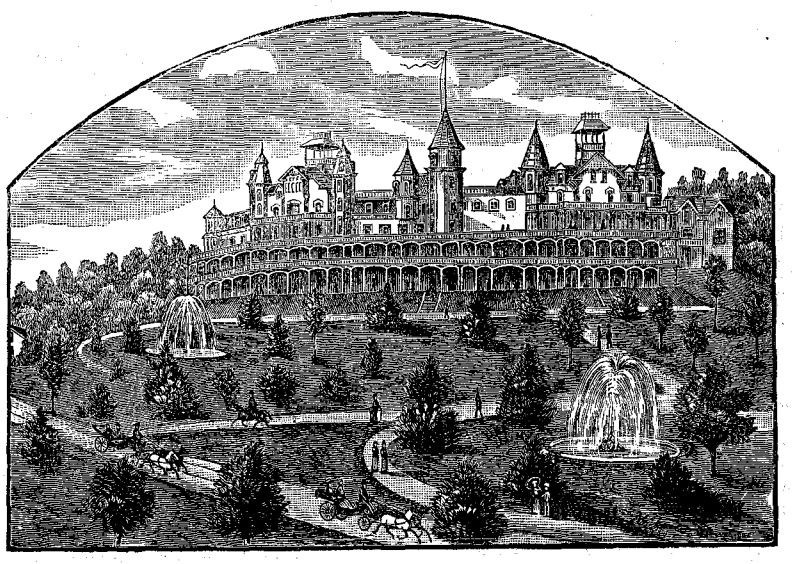

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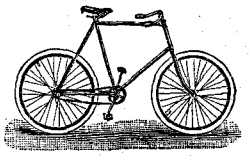

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Farmers and the Country Electric Roads

The electric roads radiating from Columbus have been so successful that it is now proposed to build lines for thirty miles from the capital. The most daring proposition, however, is to construct an electric road between Columbus and Cincinnati, passing through Dayton and other important places. This scheme will vie with the New York-Philadelphia trolley in magnitude. The farmers along the lines of Ohio roads recognize the trolley's value in both freight and passenger traffic, but there is a growing sentiment among them that, as the country roads were not intended to be occupied in such a way, the electric companies fortunate enough to secure franchises should return a constant compensation, such, for instance, as would be a percentage on the gross receipts. On this subject the Chancellor of New Jersey has recently given an interesting decision. It is to the effect that a street railway constructed in a highway under authority of law, with a road-bed which will admit of the free use of the highway by all other lawful means, operated by cars patterned after the style and size of cars ordinarily in use by horse railways, the motive power of which is electricity, supplied by means of overhead wires supported by poles planted in the sidewalks immediately within the curbs, is but a modification of the public use to which the highway was originally devoted, and is not an additional burden on the land for which compensation may be required.

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Little Archie Crowley, of Dellwood, Minn., is, says the Milwaukee "Sentinel," probably the youngest railway manager in the world. Archie is but seven years old, yet he controls an entire electrical railroad. It is true that the road is but one-tenth of a mile in length, nevertheless it is fitted out just as completely as any road that is run by grown persons. Archie is President, Secretary, conductor, brakeman, and motorman, while his sisters and playmates are the passengers. The road was built for Archie by his father, who is a St. Paul banker.

There are three cars on the road—one motor car and two passenger cars. Each car is five feet long and two feet wide. It is not a trolley road. Instead of a trolley wire there is a long strip of iron which lies between the tracks and supplies the electricity which makes the cars move along. On the motor car is the rheostat, which is an arrangement for controlling the electric current. By using it Archie can make his cars move as fast or as slow as he pleases. On this car, also, are the motor and the brake, and also the reversing switch which makes the cars move backward.

At one end of the road is the power-house where the electricity is generated. The electric current comes from a small dynamo which is driven by a petroleum engine. There is also a shed where the cars are stored at night and in winter-time. In the power-house everything is arranged just the same as if it were a large station run by a regular company.

But Archie is the company in this case. His road is on the hill by the side of White Bear Lake, and he is the only boy in that region who is liable to go coasting in summer-time. He himself will tell you, the best of all is that in this kind of coasting you do not have to walk back up the hill. The electricity pulls you up. Archie is very proud of his road, and spends the days carrying his sisters and their dolls along the road. He can stop any place on the way, so he pretends there are several stations, and his sisters get out. Then he takes them up again when he comes back, and collects make-believe money from them. They all have a very good time riding on the cars, and Archie is learning a great deal about electricity.

Hungary's Thousandth Year

The Hungarians, says the London "Daily News," are making preparations on a grand scale for a millennial exhibition, and the Government addressed a prayer to the Emperor that he might lend them all the historic relics in his possession which have any connection with Hungarian history. The Emperor, our Vienna correspondent says, granted the request, and a number of Hungarian historians and antiquarians have come to Vienna to study the imperial collections and make a list of the objects in question.

They have selected a great number, which represent a value of 2,000,000 florins—if the value of unique historical relics can be expressed in figures. Among these objects are copies of the portraits in relief of King Mathias, Corvinus, and Queen Beatrix; a bronze bust of Mary, Queen of Hungary; bronze reliefs of Adrien Fries, illustrating the Hungarian wars; the remnants of the crown of King Andreas and the imperial globe, dating from the fourteenth century; the double cross that belonged to Lewis the Great, with relics of Christ's cross, a map of Hungary engraved in a metal plate, a nautilus-shaped cup with the arms of the Batthyanis.

It is easy to imagine what efforts will be made in Hungary to prevent these objects from returning to Vienna when once they have been in the Hungarian capital; and if once they are left there, surely Prague would ask for all that referred to Bohemia in the imperial collections, and Cracow for all that referred to Poland.

—A descendant of the famous Hans Holbein, the painter, was sent to the poorhouse in Aussig, Austria, a few days ago as a vagrant. He is a member of the nobility, and learned photography as a livelihood.

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Carpenter-Bees and Their Nests

Of the instincts of insects, says a writer in "Chambers's Journal," we find examples to parallel those of the larger animals; by one important test—the construction of buildings and habitations—the sagacity of these tribes outstrips that of all others, and vies, in its way, with the most singular efforts of humanity. Urged by the necessity of the preservation of their species, many whose term of life does not admit of them nurturing their young —which, moreover, are peculiarly exposed to danger—exhibit a foresight truly marvelous and an indomitable perseverance in anticipating wants which they cannot supply at the time of need. In like manner, other insects, in their architectural skill, while they have the interests of their offspring at heart, chiefly or otherwise, as the case may be, keep also their own conservation in view against changes of temperature and natural enemies.

The art of boring symmetrical tunnels in wood culminates with the carpenter-bees, so termed from their carpenter-like capabilities. Numbers of the members of this class are enormous and very beautiful. *Xylocopa violacia*—the generic name signifies a wood-cutter —larger than the largest humblebee, exhibits choice contrast of color in its brilliant, velvety black body, its wings of a rich violet. Several African species claim more than a passing glance from those to whom beauty affords delight: black body, with bronze-green iridescent wings; body black and orange, with iridescent wings; body pale yellowish-green, with transparent wings—these are lovely combinations of hues displayed. England is believed to possess no specimens of these charming creatures. Their tasks are as interesting as they themselves. They show partiality for old posts or palings, or the woodwork of houses which is soft because commencing to decay; but apparently they do not form fresh tunnels save when old ones are not to be had.

The bee usually begins boring obliquely across the grain of the wood, about two days being taken to make the workman's own length; but this may not be so easily done as the remainder, which runs parallel with the sides of the wood for from twelve to eighteen inches. Sometimes an excavation or two suffice, which generally take opposite directions from the opening; sometimes the bee cuts extra galleries, one above the other, using the same opening. Sharp jaws, moved by powerful muscles, are its only tools; and as it descends into the heart of the solid wood the tunnel is swept clean and regular with stiff brushes of hair on the legs, and all raspings made in eating the burrow out are cast forth from the entrance. The sawdust expelled becomes of subsequent use. One by one, successive partitions of the chippings, caused to adhere with some sticky fluid, probably saliva, are constructed, dividing the entire tunnel into cells somewhat less than an inch long. Each is supplied with an egg and a compound of pollen and honey; the door is closed; but before deserting her bevy finally, the bee forms a lateral opening from the outside to the bottom of the cells and chokes it with sawdust paste; and through this the young escape when the time for their emergence arrives.

The Inventor of the Postal Card

The postal card is a very simple contrivance, and yet what a prominent factor in correspondence it has become in modern business transactions! No less than 1,150 millions of them are, says H. T. Frueauff in the "Free Press" of Easton, Pa., used annually in the civilized world. They unite the most distant hamlet with the largest cities in this country and Europe. None would have thought that in twenty-five years they would come into such general use. The honor of this cheap and convenient means of communication belongs to Professor Emanuel Herrmann, of Vienna. On January 26, 1869, he wrote a letter to the "Neue Freie Presse" in Vienna, in which he developed his plan of a simple card which should be issued at two kreutzer (4–5 cent) by the post-office department, and which would be good for the Austro-Hungarian Empire. At first the department objected to making the price as low as two kreutzer, but agreed to three kreutzer. But Professor Herrmann and those interested in his plan objected to the extra kreutzer, so that finally the Government agreed to the cheaper rate, and, on October 1, 1869, the first postal card ever issued was put on sale in Vienna. Some years later Germany also adopted Professor Herrmann's postal-card idea, but it was not a great success till the Franco-Prussian war broke out, when they came into general use in Germany. Gradually other countries issued them. The United States, which handles them by the million now, was one of the last countries to adopt Professor Herrmann's idea. It will be interesting to know that he was born in Klagenfurt in 1839, and that in 1882 he was appointed Professor of Natural Economy at the University of Vienna.

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The Business World

The Rice Crop in Louisiana

Besides being the leading sugar State, Louisiana is also the greatest producer of rice in this country. Despite the fact that this cereal is now worth in the open market but little more than one-half the ruling price of three years ago, profits seem to be attractive enough, judging from the sworn statement of a planter who last year harvested 2,000 barrels of rice from as many hundred acres. After saving 175 barrels for seed and feed, he sold the remainder for $3 a barrel. Deducting the total cost of producing this crop, he made a net profit of nearly $3,500. Another cultivator writes: "I know a number of farmers who have for the past three years averaged fifteen barrels per acre, and their net average price per barrel for the three years was $2.85. These figures give gross receipts of $42.75 per acre." These facts are significant compared with the sufferings of the growers of wheat, corn, oats, rye, or barley in the North, or of cotton in the South. Rice is certainly no harder to cultivate. As the Carolina swamps do not seem to be so good for rice-culture as the dry and irrigated Louisiana lands, there has been a great increase in acreage and production in the latter State. While the Carolinas used to produce three-quarters of the domestic crop, Louisiana now produces at least two-thirds. Her production has risen from 2,000,000 pounds in 1886 to nearly 190,000,000 pounds last year of export rice alone. Such an advance is due not alone to climate, but to the greater enterprise of the Louisianians in introducing labor-saving machinery. Indeed, it is stated that rice-raising for commerce began with the advent of the Iowa colony and the twine-binding harvesters in 1884. However, the low prices of the past year have had their legitimate effect in Louisiana in temporarily reducing the acreage.

The South

We are perhaps too blinded by the marvelous strides made by the industries of the "New South" during the past ten years to fully realize that the assessed value of property in the Southern States is even a little less than it was in 1860, just before the war. Maryland, Florida, and Texas are the only States that to-day show as much wealth as in that year. To these surprising facts the editor of the "Manufacturers' Record" has been calling attention, and the figures which he cites are interesting indeed. Between 1850 and 1860 the South constructed more mileage than the combined New England and Middle States. True, in 1850 these Northern sections led the South by nearly twenty-five hundred miles, but in 1860 the mileage of the South exceeded that of these sections by almost four hundred miles. Though with only one-third of our country's population, in the latter year more than one-half of our entire agricultural products were raised in the South, which had as well thirty per cent. of the entire banking capital. The South's assessed value was $5,200,000,000, or forty-four per cent. of the total assessed value of the United States. Then came the war, costing to the conquered, according to some estimates, an aggregate loss of over $5,000,000,000. Meanwhile, and during the misrule of the reconstruction period, the wealth of the North was increasing with startling rapidity. In 1870 Massachusetts listed for taxes more than one-half as much property as was represented by the fourteen Southern States combined. From being in 1860 the third State in wealth, proportionately to the number of inhabitants, South Carolina dropped to the thirtieth rank in 1870; from the fourth, Mississippi became the thirty-fourth; and from the seventh, Georgia became the thirty-ninth. While since the Civil War the population has doubled, and during the past decade there has been a tremendous advance in the agriculture and industries of the South, and twenty-five thousand miles of railway have been constructed, the assessed valuation is not quite as great as it was thirty years ago.

Another Railway Reorganized

It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that, considering the financial depression, the reorganizations of railway properties have so far been singularly successful. Following the Richmond Terminal's rehabilitation as the Southern Railway, and the New York and New England's welcome retirement from a "mystery" manipulation, came the news, on the first of this month, that the reorganization of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway has been finally assured. The managers of the underwriting syndicate have now received subscriptions for the entire five millions of new bonds and for the preferred stock of half that amount, provided for in the amended plan of reorganization. The sale of the property is announced for October 11, under the decree for foreclosing the improvement and equipment mortgage. The managers' statement is as follows:

The plan empowers the committee to buy in the property and to form a new company which will be freed from all the obligations of the present company, except the underlying 6 and 7 per cent. mortgage bonds, the principal of which amounts to $4,718,000. The new company will issue $2,500,000 of first preferred 5 per cent. cumulative stock, $4,000,000 of second preferred stock, and $6,000,000 of common stock, these two latter classes being the same in amount as the preferred and common stock of the present company. The new company will also issue $10,000,000 of first consolidated mortgage 5 per cent. forty-year gold bonds, of which there shall be reserved for the retirement of underlying bonds $4,718,000, leaving in the hands of the committee $5,282,000 to be used in the purchase of the property to acquire other outstanding underlying bonds and to pay interest.

The bonds so issued not being equal to all the necessities of the reorganization, an assessment of $25 per share will be levied upon the present preferred and common stock, and $2,500,000 of the new first preferred stock will be issued therefor, and shall be entitled to dividends of 5 per cent. per annum, cumulative and subject to retirement at par and accrued dividends upon due notice. The new second preferred and common stock shall be entitled to non-cumulative dividends of 5 per cent., and any net earnings, in any year after paying it, shall be applied to equal dividends on the second preferred and common stock.

Under this plan the fixed charges of the new company will be $580,540. The net revenues of the property, after payment of expenses, taxes, and rentals, as shown by the receiver's report, have averaged $798,437 per annum for the three years ending June 30 of this year, from which it appears that during the period mentioned the surplus earnings have been sufficient to more than pay the 5 per cent. dividends on the proposed issue of first preferred stock.

Bogus Insurance

It is a satisfaction to note that in his recent report Superintendent Pierce, of the Insurance Department of New York State, after showing the enormous increase in gross assets, in policies, and in insurance paid, is justly severe on companies organized under the insurance law, it is true, but which are in reality nothing but gambling concerns. They offer a money payment upon the expiration of a given period of time, without the slightest reference to death or to disability. Some States have already declared these companies illegal, and we heartily agree with Mr. Pierce that there should be blotted from New York's statute-books, by proper amendments to our insurance law, any recognition of irresponsible and dishonest concerns.

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The Peary Expedition

We note elsewhere in this paper the bare fact that the Peary Arctic Expedition has returned to Newfoundland, having been baffled in its purposes by heavy storms. The following account is given by the New York "Sun" of the history of the expedition:

All reports from the lands within the Arctic circle agree that the past winter and spring were a period of exceptional rigor. The floe-ice moving down Davis Strait has been unusually heavy. North of Spitzbergen Wellman saw islands so blocked with ice that he could not reach them, though often at that season they have a clear-water horizon to the north. Last year, when the Falcon took Lieutenant Peary's party north, she steamed up Bowdoin Bay wholly unimpeded by ice, and seeing only a few icebergs dotting the water surface. It was nearly three weeks earlier than the time, this year, when she at last succeeded in forcing her way through the ice-covered bay to Peary's winter quarters.

It was a bad year for Polar enterprise. We know of only one aspirant for Arctic honors who has reason to feel perfectly satisfied. This gentleman is Mr. Stein, who hoped to lead a party through Jones Sound and enter the unknown sea west of Ellesmere Land. He failed to raise the sum of money he needed, and did not start. It was just as well, for the Falcon found Jones Sound choked with ice, and there is little probability that the Sound was available as a highway at any period during the season.

Peary had reason to expect very severe weather during the first part of his sledge journey on the ice-cap. The coldest period of the Arctic year is likely to occur in February or March. Two years earlier, however, Peary saw no such terrible storm in March as that which killed his dogs and ruined his sledge journey last spring. Then the coldest weather and the greatest storm occurred in February. The story of Peary's forty-five days on the ice-cap in March and April last will doubtless be one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of Arctic endeavor. We can scarcely conceive the hapless condition of the little party, half buried as they were in the snow, a mile above the sea-level, a perfect hurricane pouring down the gentle slope of the inland ice, and the temperature fifty degrees below zero.

In 1892 the lowest temperature throughout his journey on the ice-cap was five degrees below zero. After the first week out he did not use his sleeping-bags, but simply lay upon the snow in his fur clothing and slept in perfect comfort. He carried no tent, and built no snow shelter except in very stormy weather. He traveled 1,300 miles in seventy-nine days; during eight he was snowbound in camp. This year, on the same Arctic highway, he journeyed only 250 miles, out and back, in forty-five days. These comparisons show how completely the Arctic explorer is at the mercy of circumstances. If the conditions favor him, he may do good work. If not, there is nothing to do save to accept the unavoidable and bow before defeat with the best possible grace.

In his letters to the "Sun," which will probably reach us in a few days, the explorer will doubtless give us the details of some unique Arctic experiences. Tidal influences have never been a conspicuous phenomenon as observed by North Greenland explorers. In October last, however, a wave, which the explorer attributes to tidal action, swept up the narrow channel of Bowdoin Bay and nearly overwhelmed his little settlement. During the winter, when moonlight sheds peculiar beauty upon the Arctic landscape, the hunters of the party traveled far afield, and in the fall and spring two hundred and fifty reindeer, about three times as many as the explorer secured in 1891-92, were added to his stores. Lest some may imagine that the food supply of the natives will be imperiled by so large a slaughter of deer, we may say that this animal cuts no important figure in the cuisine of the Arctic Highlanders. Though defeated in its attempt upon the far north, the expedition entered the unknown, for a part of the unvisited coast of Melville Bay has now been explored. This is the only part of the west coast of Greenland that is not outlined on our maps, and Astrup was fortunate in being able to reach and follow a shore-line that many explorers have found unattainable.

The explorer was fortunate in the fact that the reverse which overwhelmed his party on the ice came in the first quarter of his journey, while it was still comparatively easy to reach a place of shelter. He might still have pushed on to the north he was striving for if it had not been for the fatal disease which seems to be peculiar to Greenland dogs Other explorers have found it impossible, when this disease was prevalent, to procure the dogs they needed for projected sledge journeys; but we do not recall that this malady has ever before contributed to the defeat of an expedition while on its way.

All the members of the party are safe and sound, and apparently none the worse for their Arctic experiences. They are almost home, and we wish we might welcome their gallant leader among them as they end the eventful journey. He has elected, however, to remain behind, with two comrades, at his Arctic post. It was two Americans with a sledge who made a higher northing than the costliest expeditions have ever attained. Peary had already won his laurels as one of the foremost of Arctic explorers. Since he has chosen to keep up the fight with the grim ice king, his friends can only hope that the fates will be kinder to him next year, and that his success will be commensurate with his splendid achievements of 1892.

A Visitor of Prisons

The New York "Sun" concludes its account of the sad death of Miss Ernestine Schaffner as follows:

"There will be many to sympathize with the mother of the young woman. It is nearly ten years since she began the work which has earned for her the title of 'The Tombs Angel.' A poor servant-girl accused of theft went to her for assistance. Mrs. Schaffner listened to her story, believed that the girl was falsely accused, and assisted her to defend herself. Establishing this girl's innocence opened Mrs. Schaffner's eyes to the fact that many an innocent person might be sent to jail simply for lack of means to get legal help and evidence.

"She began haunting the Tombs prison and talking with the prisoners. At the end of a year she had the satisfaction of having saved more than a dozen men and women from being convicted of crime. Since then she has given bail, hired lawyers, and assisted those she believed to be innocent in every way in her power. Nor does she let her interest cease after they are free. She has found places for her beneficiaries, lent them money, or helped them in some way to self-support.

"In 1890 Mrs. Schaffner's philanthropic work had grown to be so extensive that she engaged a lawyer at a salary to attend to the legal part of it, and at the same time she opened an office near the Tombs at 23 Centre Street. Here she advertised: 'Free Advice to the Poor and the Innocent Accused.' Mrs. Schaffner is regularly upon about $20,000 in bail bonds, and she has a considerable sum lent to those who have been prisoners.

"It was asserted by some of her friends when her work grew extensive that she would ruin her fortune by becoming responsible for bad characters.

"Mrs. Schaffner declared not long ago that in all the time she had been helping these people she had not lost, all told, $1,000, and that a considerable part of this had been lost in a case where a lawyer employed by her recovered money deposited as bail and kept it."

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—John N. Coyle accepts a call from the First Church of Denver, Colo.

—W. C. Peabody accepts a call from Wilson, N. Y.

—C. L. French, of Crete, Ill., has resigned.

—W. F. Lowe was ordained at the Winthrop Church, Holbrook, Mass., September 4.

—Thomas T. Stone observed the seventieth anniversary of his ordination to the ministry at Bolton, Mass., on September 16.

—C. J. Anderson has become pastor of the Swedish Church in Proctor, Vt.

—S, B. L. Penrose, of Dayton, Wis., has resigned.

—C. W. Duncan accepts a call to Dexter, Minn.

—H. A. Coolidge, of Stoddard, N. H., has resigned, and has received a call from Ossipee.

—J. E. Snowden accepts a call to Fayette, Ia.

PRESBYTERIAN

—C. S. Pomeroy died suddenly in Cleveland, O., on September 10, at the age of sixty; he was pastor of the Second Church of that city.

—J. O. Denniston, of Cooperstown, N. Y., has resigned.

—C. A. Richmond accepts a call to Albany, N. Y.

—S. M. Campbell has received a call to Englewood, Ill.

OTHER CHURCHES

—A. G. Singsen has resigned the rectorship of St. Peter's Church (P. E.), Bainbridge, N. Y., and accepted a call to Trinity Church, Findlay, O.

—Churchill Satterlee accepts the rectorship of Grace Church (P. E.), Morganton, N. C.

—A. B. Whitney has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Indianapolis, Ind.

—F. L. Hopkins, of Fayville, Mass., has received a call from the Baptist church in Felchville, Vt.

—W. A. Ruppert has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in Detroit, Mich,

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About People

—Every year a Jewish girl in Frankfurt-Germany, receives a dowry of $2,500, the income of a bequest by Baron Rothschild. Any respectable Jewess not younger than seventeen or older than thirty-six may apply, and lots are drawn for the prize.

—Samuel White, of Clinton, Mass., is a descendant in the fifth generation from Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England. He is ninety years old. Mr. White is a farmer, and in haying-time he may be found in the fields mowing and raking as briskly as either of his two sons, who are respectively fifty-eight and sixty years old.

—Father Hyacinthe is delivering a course of holiday lectures to workingmen at the Salle Vauthier. One of these was on "Anarchy and Family Life." He said the spread of Anarchism was a sure sign of decadence. The best means against it was to develop in the masses family feeling, and particularly the sentiment of parental authority. If in economical affairs Anarchism is destructive of security, in moral affairs it warps all notions of just and unjust, of good and evil.

—The oldest active professor in Germany is said to be Privy Councilor Stickel, Professor of Oriental Languages at Jena, who recently celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birth. It was Professor Stickel who answered Prince Bismarck's question as to his age in the following manner: "I have seen Napoleon I. —Germany in its condition of deepest disgrace; I have known Goethe, and in him seen Germany at the pinnacle of its literary development; and now I see in your Highness him who brought our Fatherland to the pinnacle of political development."

—A minister who could not secure the charge of a church once implored Dr. Parker to explain the reason of his difficulty, says an English exchange. He was scholarly, studious, well-informed, willing to work; but no church would look at him. He offered to stand up in the corner of Dr. Parker's study and preach his best sermon. At the end of the performance Dr. Parker delivered his verdict. It was brief, incisive, and summary. "Now I can tell you," he said, "why you cannot get a church. For the last half-hour you have not been trying to get something into my mind, but something off yours; that is the reason."

—Lovers of Charles Dickens's works will be interested to hear that there is still in the employ of the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway Company the original of the character whom Dickens named "Lamps" in his story "Mugby Junction," which appeared first as a Christmas number. He is the lamp-foreman at Tilbury (the original Mugby Junction), and is named Chipperfield, though he generally answers to the name of "Chipper" on the line. Though practically past work now, he is retained in the service of the Company in recognition of his long service. He is very proud of the important part he plays in "Mugby Junction," and is always willing to talk with travelers about his association with Dickens, who was always very kind to him; but he is proudest of all of the copy of the story which Dickens himself presented to him, and which he can sometimes be persuaded to exhibit.

Three Disraeli Anecdotes

Lord Dufferin tells three characteristic stories of Disraeli:

"One of my earliest encounters with Mr. Disraeli," writes his Lordship, "was in Brook Street, the afternoon of the day he had won his Buckinghamshire election. I stopped to congratulate him on his successful campaign, when he said to me, 'Yes, I said rather a good thing on the hustings yesterday. There was a fellow in the crowd who kept calling me a man of straw, without any stake in the country, and asking what I stood upon, so I said, "Well, it is true I do not possess the broad acres of Lord So-and-so, or the vast acres of the Duke of A., but if the gentleman wants to know upon what I stand, I will tell him—I stand on my head."'

"Many years after, I passed him again as he was strolling up hatless from the House of Commons to speak to some colleagues in the House of Lords. Happening to inquire whether he had read a certain novel, he said, 'Oh, I have no time for novel-reading now. Moreover, when I want to read a novel I write it.'"

The third story relates to Lord Dufferin's mother and her first glimpse of the elder Disraeli. She knew the younger one, and, "the elder Disraeli being as yet more celebrated than his son, my mother had expressed a desire to see him. But the introduction could not be managed, inasmuch as at this particular moment Mr. Disraeli had quarreled with his father. One fine morning, however, he arrived with his father in his right hand, so to speak, in Mrs. Norton's drawing-room at Story's-gate. Setting him down in a chair, and looking at him as if he were some object of *virtu* of which he wanted to dispose, Mr. Disraeli turned round to my mother, and said, in his somewhat pompous voice: 'Mrs. Blackwood, I have brought you my father. I have become reconciled to my father on two conditions. The first was that he should come and see you; the second, that he should pay my debts.'"

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Bits of Fun

Office-Seeker—Mr. President, don't you remember me? President—Yes, but I cannot place you.—*Truth.*

"Did you ever try the faith cure, Tompkins?" "Yes. It cured me, too." "What of?" "Faith in the faith cure."—*Judge.*

Miss Trill—I love to hear the birds sing. Jack Downright (warmly)—So do I. They never attempt a piece beyond their ability.—*Tit-Bits.*

"That was a very reasonable request the Rev. Mr. Whitetie made last Sunday." "What was it?" "He requested that no buttons be contributed for the heathen without garments attached to them.—*Herald.*

Judge—How do you account for the fact that the man's watch was found in your pocket? Prisoner—Your Honor, life is made up of inexplicable mysteries, and I trust your Honor will so instruct the jury.—*Puck.*

The important announcement is cabled from England that Baby York will be vaccinated within the next three weeks. Smallpox is one of the very few things that the royal family of Great Britain is not willing to take.—*World.*

"Suppose the word 'male' is taken out of our Constitution sooner or later. Do you suppose we'll ever have a woman President?" "No. No married woman could spare the time, and no single woman would confess to the requisite age."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Well, Edith, how do you like going to school? Is your teacher nice?" "No, I don't like her one bit! She put me in a chair and told me to sit there for the present; and I sat and sat and sat, and she never gave me a present."—*Evangelist.*

"Do you think," said the intellectual young woman, "that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better-natured than small ones?" "Yes," answered the young man, "I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow."—*Life.*

Something to Look Forward to.—Farmer Brown (after fourteen hours at haying)—Never mind, Tommy; hayin' don't last for ever. Jest remember that winter's comin' soon, an' nothin' to do but saw wood an' 'tend the cattle an' go to school an' study nights.—*Harper's Bazar.*

One of the proctors of the Dublin University had a dog whose eyes were very unequal in size. A friend once expressed surprise at this peculiar characteristic. "Yes," said the owner, "and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me. He first gets fed on one side of my guest, and then goes round the table to the other side and pretends to be a different dog."—*Tit Bits.*

Mr. Maxim's Air-Ship

Mr. Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun, gives in the "North American Review" a description of his air-ship, and of the trial at Baldwyn Park, England, recently, in which the machine broke loose from the overhead rail intended to keep it down for experimental purposes, and actually did (Mr. Maxim says) "fly" a little. The apparatus is driven by steam generated in a fine network of copper tubes ⅜ of an inch in diameter, 1-50 of an inch thick, and 8 feet long. This boiler has been tested under 235 pounds steam-pressure. The fuel used is naphtha, of 72 degrees Baumé; the burner has 7,650 jets. For experimental purposes, and perhaps as an almost indispensable condition of starting, the initial momentum is imparted by running the machine on rails. Mr. Maxim has a track 1,800 feet long at Baldwyn Park, on which he tests the working of all parts of the machine.

Mr. Maxim says:

The first trials with these planes (the main aeroplane and four auxiliary planes) in position were made on the 31st of July last, on a perfectly calm day, and three runs were made, the first with 150 pounds pressure of steam per square inch. The speed was twenty-six miles an hour, and the maximum lift 2,750 pounds. The second run was made with 240 pounds of steam. . . . The maximum lift was 4,700 pounds. Then everything was made ready for a final test with practically the full power of the engines. Careful observers were stationed on each side of the track, and I took two men with me on the machine, the duty of one being to observe the pressure-gauges, and that of the other to observe and note the action of the wheels on the upper track. The machine was tied up to a dynamometer, the engines started with a boiler-pressure of 310 pounds, and with a screw-thrust of a little more than 2,100 pounds. Upon liberating the machine it started forward with great rapidity, while the screws rotated at a terrific rate. I turned on slightly more gas, and the pressure almost instantly rose to 320 pounds to the square inch, and blew off at the safety-valve at that pressure. After running a few hundred feet, the machine was completely lifted off the lower rails, and all four of the upper wheels were engaged on the upper or safety rail. After running a few hundred feet in this position, the speed of the machine greatly increased, and the lift became so great that the rear axletrees, holding the machine down, were doubled up, and the wheels broken off. The machine then became liberated, the front end being held down only on one side. This swayed the machine to one side, brought it violently against the upper rails, and stopped it in the air, the lift breaking the rails and moving them outward about ten feet. Steam was, however, shut off before the machine stopped. The machine then fell to the earth, embedding the wheels in the turf, showing that it had been stopped in the air, had come directly down, and had not moved after it touched the ground. Had this last experiment been made with a view to free flight, and had the upper rail been removed or the wheels taken off, the machine would certainly have mounted in the air and have traveled a long distance, if necessary. As it was, the lift certainly exceeded the full weight of the machine, the water, the fuel, and the men, by 2,000 pounds, and was far beyond the registering limit of the dynagraphs, the pencil being drawn completely across the paper on the recording cylinders.

These experiments at Baldwyn's Park are the first that have ever been attempted with a machine running in a straight line. The prime object of these experiments has been to demonstrate whether it is possible or not for a large machine to be constructed sufficiently light, powerful, and efficient to actually lift into the air its own weight and the weight of one or more men. All other flying-machines which have ever been built in the world have persistently stuck to the earth, and this is the first occasion in which a machine has ever been made to raise itself clear of the earth. It has been admitted by all scientists that as soon as a machine could be made with motors powerful enough to actually lift it in the air, aerial navigation would become practical. I have demonstrated that a good and reliable motor can be made with sufficient power for its weight to drive a flying-machine, that a very heavy flying-machine may be made to raise itself in the air with water, fuel, and three men on board; and that it may lift, in addition to all this, 2,000 pounds. It now only remains to continue the experiments with a view of learning the art of maneuvering the machine; and for this purpose it will be necessary for me to seek some large, open, and level plain, and to commence by making flights so near to the ground that any mistake in the steering cannot result in a serious mishap.

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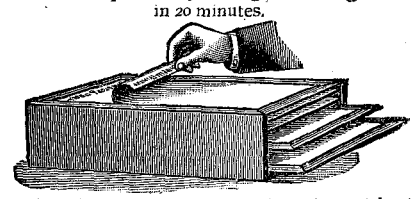

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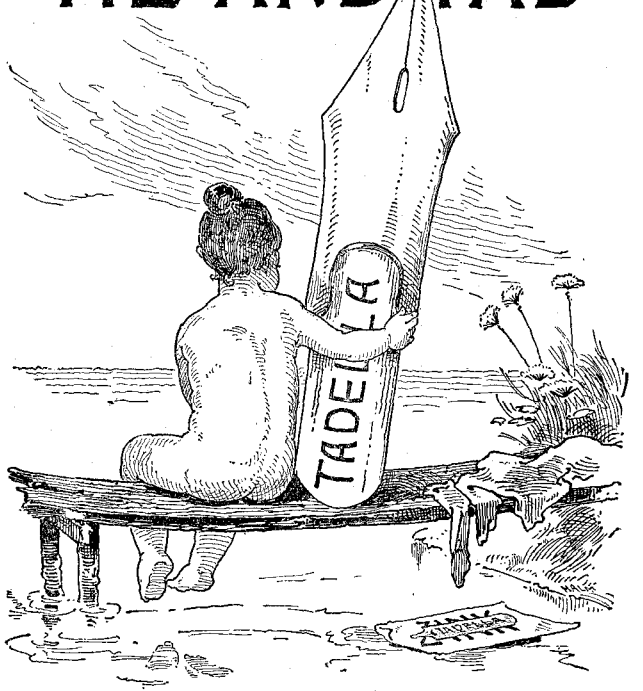

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